

LONDON THE CRITIC, LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XIV.—No. 350.

NOVEMBER 1, 1855.

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THE CRITIC,
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THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE remarks upon the phenomena called Spiritual Manifestations which appeared in the last number have called forth many expressions of opinion from readers and subscribers. The majority of those communications are in favour of dispassionate and philosophical inquiry—a course which, so far as in us lies, we are disposed to take. We wish, however, to declare once for all, and that in the most clear and unequivocal manner, that we do not credulously believe all that the believers in "Spiritual Manifestations" assert. We say this without any imputation upon their good faith. They believe all that they say; but we, from want of evidence, do not. We have not as yet experienced anything that leads us to believe in any direct communication between living persons and the spirits of the departed; and we should hesitate for a long time, and examine even the evidence of our own senses with the most jealous scrutiny, before we gave credence to anything so important and so awful. It appears to us that the believers in spiritual manifestations are hasty when they attribute the phenomena which they have observed to the agency of spirits, and, by so doing, they do the cause of truth a very great and serious injury. They are constantly admitting their inability to explain what they see; but they as constantly set it all down to the agency of spirits. We set aside for the moment the evidence about visible and tangible spirit-hands, and ghostly tunes played upon the accordion; for, until we have had personal experience in these matters, we must utterly decline to discuss them; but we will take, for example, the phenomenon of a table rising in the air, without any visible agency whatever. Sir DAVID BREWSTER himself expressly stated that "the table actually rose, as it appeared to me, from the ground;" it is true that he suggests the possibility of machinery, but he does not assert that he discovered any; and we have the evidence of a gentleman well known in the scientific world and in whose judgment we should place quite as great reliance as in that of Sir DAVID BREWSTER, that he saw a table raised into the air under circumstances wherein the employment of machinery was impossible. Now here is a distinct fact which we can deal with. The believers in spiritual manifestations declare that spirits raise the table. What proof have they that such is the case? It would have been as easy for FRIAR BACON to say that spirits raised the iron bar to the magnet. The fact is, there is a great, and, to our thinking, a very proper feeling of unwillingness to adopt hastily any conclusion upon this extraordinary question. There is something so subversive of all our preconceived notions in the idea of spirits employing themselves in raising tables, ringing bells, and playing upon accordions, that even the believers themselves ought not to wonder at the strong feeling of incredulity with which their statements have been received. Still, our preconceived notions are not infallible, and they ought always to give way to facts. We ourselves shall lose no opportunity of watching this matter; of exposing it, if it be humbug—of supporting it, if it be truth. Meantime, we pledge ourselves to no opinion; but that this (as, indeed, every other question), is best treated in a dispassionate and philosophical spirit.

MR. MOSELEY's report upon the late examination for appointments in the Royal Artillery and Engineers is now issued, and will repay the perusal of those who take an interest in the question. It is intimated that the examination has been less severe this year than it is likely to be hereafter; seeing "that no such previous intimation could be given to the candidates of the subjects of examination, as would enable them to make for it a special preparation." This is good news for future candidates. From the analysis of the examinations given, it appears that nineteen out of fifty-five candidates succeeded in obtaining provisional commissions. Of these, Cambridge and Dublin supplied eleven; out of

seven candidates who were educated in private schools not one succeeded. The total number of marks obtainable was 580, and the highest of the successful candidates marked 260; the lowest only marking 60: the former was a Glasgow man; the latter from Dublin. Considering that the object of the examination was to get the best artillery officers, it seems a little strange that the highest score does not include a single mark for fortification; 231 out of the 260 making up that score having been obtained for English composition, French, natural sciences, moral sciences, and German. The third successful candidate scored nothing for fortification; but, as some compensation, he displayed great proficiency in moral sciences; the fourth was also great in moral sciences; while the next three appear to have been as ignorant of fortification as their betters. We imagine that a knowledge of the *analytic* and *synthetic*, or the difference between reason and imagination, or even the power of explaining KANT's doctrine of the "Categorical Imperative" (questions actually set) would stand a man in very poor stead before a fortress to compensate for ignorance of VAUBAN. Against the Pure and Mixed Mathematics papers we have nothing to say; nor yet against the classical selections—they appear to contain nothing that a thoroughly educated youth need shrink from. Mr. CLOUGH's historical paper seems also to be well put; but what possible good can come from asking a candidate to answer the Reverend CHENEVIX TRENCH's question—*The plural is usually formed in English by adding s to the singular. Explain the following plurals, which are otherwise formed: oxen, swine, kine, brethren, feet, mice, phenomena, banditti.* Or why should he be required to know the derivations of *candidate, sycophant, algebra, assassin, coffee, sarcasm, and gazette*? Is not this carrying the "Study of Words" a little too far? Then, again, it seems rather hard of Mr. CLOUGH to seize a young Hotspur, Ancient-Mariner-like, by the button, and, when he would be battering down some stronghold of the Russ, making him enumerate the authorities which SHAKESPEARE used in writing his historical plays, or "give a history of translations into English." NAPOLEON himself began life as an artillery officer; but we gravely presume to doubt whether he could have answered these posers. Then comes M. DELILLE, and, under pretence of ascertaining the candidate's proficiency in the French language, tortures him with questions about the Salique Law, and as to who fought the battle of Tolbiac. Is not all this pushing the examining mania a little too far?

Another branch of the education question, and one which seems to us quite as important as the proficiency of young officers in metaphysics or Anglo-Saxon, is that which refers to the growing and imperative necessity for educating the children of the lower classes of society. Education will not make a man honest, any more than it will make him wise; or why did Sir JOHN DEAN PAUL and his partners hold up their hands at the Old Bailey last Friday? But it will give him a better chance of being so, and will take away many excuses if he turn out the reverse. There is much truth in the arguments of the gaol chaplains when they show that ignorance and the lower order of crimes—there is an aristocracy even in crime—go hand in hand. An important article in the *Edinburgh* (perhaps from the pen of Sir G. C. LEWIS) is devoted to the Educational Census of Great Britain. From this it appears that out of the whole body of children receiving instruction in these kingdoms more than one-half are educated at private schools. A more important fact still is that out of five millions of children, of an age to go to school at the time of the census, *two millions and a quarter were neither at work nor at school.* Both the reviewer and the reporter on the census are deservedly severe upon Mr. Edward Baines for his remarkable dictum that "if out of nine individuals in England one were found to belong to some day-school, the proportion would be quite as high as the condition of society in England would permit." We have now nearly an eighth, and yet (as the reviewer points out) almost half of the children of the labouring classes are without any education at all after nine years of age. How may this be remedied? The reviewer suggests, by making the provisions of the Ten Hours' Bill applicable to all children, whether labouring or not. The principle of interference having already received legislative sanction, there can be no good reason, he argues,

why it should not be universally applied. Why should the children employed in print-works and factories be compelled to go to school, while those who are engaged in mines and who watch sparrows in the corn-fields are permitted to remain in pristine ignorance? Besides which, if these last be driven to school for one half of their time, it is clear that some portion at least of the two million and a quarter who neither work nor go to school will find employment. There seems to be good logic in this; but, if it be carried out, the amount of school accommodation must be greatly enlarged. How this is to be done may supply matter for reflection to the legislators whose different (and differing) educational bills are yet before the nation.

Our Transatlantic friends, the New York publishers, have been holding what they call a "complimentary fruit festival," in honour of their authors and booksellers. The affair has been quite a triumph for American literature:—"Ladies were admitted amongst the guests; the gentlemen refrained from indulgence in cigars and wine; the place was kept at a temperature unusually comfortable for such an occasion; the tables were graced with the presence of wit and wisdom; and the evening passed off in a very successful manner." This is all very satisfactory; but we do not quite understand why "a strong force of police was present in uniform," unless an outbreak between the authors and their publishers was seriously anticipated. In the list of excuses and refusals we see the names of Professor AGASSIZ, Professor ANTHON, Messrs. PRESCOTT, EMERSON, JOHN W. FRANCIS, HORACE MANN, HENRY TAPPAN, JOHN A. DIX, GRACE GREENWOOD (Mrs. LIPPINCOTT), JOHN G. WHITTIER, and RICHARD DANA, Professor LONGFELLOW, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. H. B. STOWE, and Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE; while HORACE GREELEY, R. B. KIMBALL, Lieut. MAURY, Gen. G. P. MORRIS, and GEO. TICKNOR did not even condescend to return an answer to the invitation. The absence of these stars must, however, have been perfectly compensated by the presence of the Rev. H. W. and Miss C. BEECHER, JOHN BIGELOW, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, CHARLES DANA, RUFUS DAVES, Judge DEER, FANNY FERN, WASHINGTON IRVING, and N. P. WILLIS, names all standing well in the American world of letters. Some of the speeches delivered on this occasion are well worthy of attention. The secretary, Mr. G. P. PUTNAM, recounting the flourishing condition of American literature, declared that "in the year 1853 there were 733 new works published in the United States, of which 278 were reprints of English works." In the conclusion of his speech, Mr. PUTNAM again refers to this curious fact—treating it, however, with characteristic American coolness. After admitting that COOPER, PRESCOTT, and IRVING, have always received "a suitable compensation for the English circulation of their works," he continues:—

We only wish that more of our author friends could do likewise; and far be it from me to depreciate or lose sight of the large debt which we have yet to repay our "fatherland" for the intellectual supplies to which we have so long and so freely helped ourselves. But to show that reciprocity in this justice to literature on both sides is rapidly becoming even more important to us than to England, let me mention one or two significant facts, and I will detain you but a moment longer. In 1834, American publications stood thus: 252 original, and 198 reprints. Even that proportion would surprise some who imagined that we relied chiefly on England for intellectual novelties—as indeed we did within the present generation. In 1853, the originals were 420, and the reprints 278. On the other hand, the number of American books reprinted in England in our whole history, up to 1842, was 382, not including rival editions. In 1854 these had increased to 950, of which, including rival editions, no less than 119 were reprinted in 1853, and 185 in 1854—nearly as many in these two years as there had been in sixty, up to twelve years ago. Comment is unnecessary.

Quite unnecessary. Why how can Mr. PUTNAM, the Secretary of the Association of New York Publishers, have the impudence, even before an audience of Americans, to hint that the advantage of the piracy, which he admits, is not altogether on the side of the American publishers? The authors on both sides are robbed by the practice. It is altogether a publisher's question. The English author gains no satisfaction for the piracy of his works from the retaliation of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE upon the productions of the American press. Nor can the results be at all compared. What are the (for the most part) trashy books,

the shilling reprints of which flood our railway stalls, in comparison with the costly cargoes of invaluable literature pirated from our own stores? This is carrying out the principle of exchange being no robbery to strange extremes. Let us hope that while Mr. THACKERAY is in the States he will have the courage to take this question up vigorously, and give some expression to the strong indignation which we believe him to entertain upon it.

POOR SHERIDAN KNOWLES! In the age, and, we fear too, the sickness of his lion-like intellect, every long-eared animal must have a kick at him. He has been publishing a book entitled "The Gospel attributed to Matthew is the Record of the whole original Apostleship." By JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, author of "Virginus," "The Hunchback," and of "The Rock of Rome and the Idol demolished by its own Priest." In this work the venerable dramatist has endeavoured to prove that the Gospel according to St. Matthew is the work of all the four Apostles; St. Matthew acting, so to speak, as secretary to the committee, for the purpose of drawing up the report. This work has been duly reviewed in the *Morning Advertiser*—a journal which devotes its energies to the interests of what SYDNEY SMITH calls *rum and true religion*. The critic, after taking objections to Mr. KNOWLES's book, as subversive of the authority claimed by all the other Evangelists, pronounces it to be "a very remarkable book, and, considering the previous literary tastes of Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, from a very remarkable quarter." In a subsequent passage, the Critic continues:—"We are glad to find that the venerable author is devoting the evening of his life to the study of matters of infinite and imperishable importance"—in other words, that he prefers upsetting the three Evangelists to writing good plays—"and that he is anxious that those ennobling and consoling truths which he has of late embraced, and which have achieved so wonderful a transformation in his spiritual nature, should be no less cordially received by others. He would render (continues the reviewer) an incalculable service to Evangelical religion, as well as an inestimable good to his fellow-men, were he to bear public testimony, in language simple and emphatic, to the incomparably greater happiness which he derives from his cordial reception of the religion of the New Testament than he did from those occupations to which he devoted his days and nights before the great moral change took place." Here is a Pharisee for you! Here be broad phylacteries! So because SHERIDAN KNOWLES devoted his days and nights to the "occupations" of SHAKSPEARE, of good old BEN, of ADDISON, of pious SAMUEL JOHNSON (before whose grand and noble soul this critic sinks into utter insignificance), of JOANNA BAILLIE, of pure-hearted TALFOURD, and of a thousand more good Christians and noble intellects—because, forsooth, he wrote plays for the theatre, he must be reviled by such a mawworm as this, and told that he has only of late embraced the doctrines of salvation, has only of late become a Christian worthy to be received within the fold of the elect! We would that the story ended here, or that we had to record a few words of burning scorn hurled back by SHERIDAN KNOWLES upon this literary STIGGINS. But no; the lion is worn out, and can reply but with a feeble and deprecatory moan to the recalcitrant kick of his tormentor. "I would not quit my hold of the plough (writes he), or even look back, were I sure that by so doing the mantle of SHAKSPEARE himself were to fall upon me. I can conceive no stronger temptation." Strange that the mantle of the Sinner (a very robe of NESSUS in the eyes of the *Advertiser* reviewer) should still possess such value to Mr. KNOWLES! Stranger still that he should confess himself on the title-pages of his later works to be the author of "Virginus" and "The Hunchback!"

This is quite an age of lecturing, and even our hereditary legislators must be in the fashion. The explosive Baronet of Tamworth has been quiet for some time; but last week that staid nobleman, the Earl of ELLESMERE, took his turn upon the public platform. The subject was Sebastopol; and his Lordship very naively gave as a reason for lecturing, that perhaps he had more idle time upon his hands than any of his auditory. The programme for the ensuing season of the Young Men's Christian Association includes the name of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who will lecture at Exeter Hall on "The Obstacles which have retarded Moral Political Progress"—a

subject upon which he will be thoroughly competent to speak, considering that his own backslidings in moral progress have thrown such a serious obstacle in the way of his political progress, that it is doubtful whether he will ever be at the head of affairs any more. From the same programme we learn that the Rev. J. B. OWEN will lecture upon "The Talkers of Society"—a strange subject, but affording a fine opening for amusing treatment.

Much has been said—and we have repeated the notion—about the influence of the war in checking literary enterprise. Things are, however, not so bad as the publishers would have us believe. Mr. MACAULAY's volumes are announced to appear in December, and 20,000 copies are subscribed for—in other words, purchasers volunteer to the tune of about fifty thousand pounds! No inconsiderable amount that, in the face of double income-tax and bank discount at seven per cent.! But the truth is, MACAULAY's volumes are necessities of life; those who have had the first two must have the two forthcoming; so, much of the wonder at the enormous order abates. Whether Mr. DICKENS's new venture will prove as successful as its predecessors remains to be seen. Rumour says that the great novelist intends to take advantage of the prevalent Franco-mania by trying his hand at an illustration of Paris life in this same "Little Dorrit;" for which purpose the many-tongued goddess declares that he is going to reside in the French capital for six months. If so, it is a bold venture. The author of "Pickwick," a giant within sound of Bow bells, may prove a very dwarf upon the terrain of the Quartier-Latin. There he has great men to contend against—HUGO, BALZAC, SUE, MERY, PAUL DE KOCK, and HENRI MURGER. GAVARNI, the inimitable among *grisettes* and *étudiants*, failed miserably when he came to deal with the London cad; and, until we see it, we doubt gravely the ability of even him who created Sam Weller and Mark Tapley to depict the Alphonses and the Rose Pompons of our neighbours with any degree of success. This is no reproach. In all branches of art there are schools, and RAPHAEL might not, after all, have been so good a hand as LANDSEER in painting HER MAJESTY's lap-dogs.

Speaking of large sales for works, the success of their reprint of Mr. W. RUSSELL's correspondence must have rather surprised Messrs. ROUTLEDGE. Upwards of twenty thousand copies have already been parted with; and if it be true that the author gets a shilling bonus upon every copy sold, this will make a very pretty little addition to his salary from the *Times*. At the present moment there are few men more popular throughout the country than Mr. RUSSELL; and if talent, and a fearless independence in the performance of his duties deserve popularity, he has exhibited both. Whether his services have been of that real value to the country which his most enthusiastic admirers claim for them, is a question which time alone can solve. The experiment of giving publicity to all the details and movements of our army is a new one, and we have yet to learn by the results that it is attended with any advantage. The greatest advantage which the Russians have hitherto enjoyed over ourselves during the present war has been the impenetrable secrecy in which they have contrived to shroud all their actions. We, on the other hand, have been playing the game with the fronts of the cards turned towards the enemy. These were not the tactics of NAPOLEON, whom the Duke of WELLINGTON admitted to be by far the greatest general that the world ever saw. He, referring to the conduct of his brother Joseph, in publishing the numbers of his army, wrote:—

Inform the King of Spain that it is contrary to all military rules to let the power of his army be known. . . . That when he speaks of his force he ought to exaggerate it, and represent it to be twice or thrice as large as it is; and, on the other hand, diminish in the same proportion that of the enemy; that in war all is fair.

Afterwards he wrote:—

When I conquered at Eckmühl I was one against five, but my soldiers believed that they were at least equal to the enemy. Far from confessing at Wagram that I had only 100,000 men, I persuaded people that I had 220,000. Constantly in my Italian campaigns, where I had a mere handful of men, I exaggerated my forces; it served my purpose and did not diminish from my glory.

What would such a man as this have said if

he had found a reporter in his camp, note-book in hand, jotting down the strength of every regiment, and calculating to a pound weight the force of his batteries? It is odd enough that the passages quoted above are given in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that the very same number contains an article highly laudatory of Mr. RUSSELL's letters.

Everybody has heard of the dull joke which was perpetrated in Australia at the expense of Sir CHARLES HOOTHAM's bitter beer, and which so completely humbugged the morning papers. This was not quite so patent a hoax as the *Globe's* comic dispatch, which the Paris papers swallowed so eagerly. Who can wonder that it took in the sub-editors? There was not the slightest symptom of a joke about the whole business. What we do wonder is that the author of the hoax should turn out to be Mr. HORNE—"Orion" HORNE—who went forth to dig for gold, and is said now to be in a solicitor's office either in Sidney or Melbourne. What with the Australian air and disappointment at the diggings, the poet must have taken leave of his senses. As we write, we gather from a Melbourne paper that Mr. HORNE will be penning stanzas when he should engross, and has published some verses on "The War."

The death of Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH has caused some sensation as well in the literary as in the political world. As the pains-taking and enthusiastic editor of HOBBS, Sir WILLIAM takes no mean rank among those whose labours have utilised the buried treasures of old wisdom for the benefit of modern generations; for (as the *Times* says) it was "an exploit which, though it has often served to edge a parliamentary taunt, or point a newspaper paragraph, must be considered as a great and disinterested service to English literature."

Another name in the Obituary is that of Mr. FREDERICK LUCAS, late M.P. for Meath, the chief of the ultramontane party, and proprietor and editor of its organ the *Tablet*. As a clever journalist, a hard-working representative, and an honest supporter of the views which he had adopted, Mr. LUCAS is entitled to the respect of even those who do not coincide with those views. In noticing his death, the *Globe* made a strange blunder by asserting that Mr. LUCAS was brother-in-law to Mr. BRIGHT. This was not so. His brother SAMUEL LUCAS married into the BRIGHT family, and is still, we believe, a member of the Society of Friends, from which FREDERICK succeeded.

We have no doubt that all who appreciate and admire the labours of the late Mr. BARTLETT, the oriental traveller, and illustrator of the Holy Land, will gladly avail themselves of an opportunity which now offers itself of paying a tribute to his memory, and at the same time of rendering that assistance to his widow, of which the families of those who spend their lives in the service of literature too often stand in need. We understand that his friend Dr. BEATTIE has written a memoir of the deceased gentleman, and that it is now ready for distribution among subscribers. The price (which is a guinea) bears, of course, no proportion to the marketable value of the book; but when it is understood that the proceeds will be entirely appropriated to the use of Mrs. BARTLETT, that fact will not be complained of. We are also informed that subscriptions are received by Messrs. ROGERS and Co. L.

NAMES OF PAPER.—Mr. Herring, in his *Paper and Paper Making*, is amusing when describing the names of different sorts of paper. Three are derived from the marks applied by paper-makers to distinguish their respective productions. The water-mark of "an open hand and with a star," in use as early as 1530, probably gave the name to "Hand" paper; "Pot" paper was distinguished by a jug; and "Foolscap," which now bears "Britannia, or a lion rampant, supporting the cap of liberty on a pole," is no satirical allusion to such a cap, but was originally given because of the former device of the "cap and bells." Mr. Herring traces the term "Cap" paper to the jockey cap, or something like it, in use when the first edition of Shakspeare was printed; and the term "Imperial" he thinks was originally applied to the finer specimens of papyrus. This word is still applied in Austria to nearly everything which is supposed to be the best of its sort; and they who have dined at Daum's will not forget the "Imperial chops" and the "Kaiser-corte'ettes." "Post" paper received its name from the post-horn which used to be impressed where the word "Bath" now stands—a word, by the way, which does not certify that the paper was made at Bath.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Thought and Language: an Essay having in view the Revival, Correction, and exclusive Establishment of Locke's Philosophy. By B. H. SMART. London: Longmans. 1855.

AN enterprise demanding extraordinary genius and a chivalry rare in these days, is that on which Mr. Smart has entered—to revive and improve Locke, and to make this transfigured Lockeanism acceptable to the universal English mind. He may have the chivalry, but we are afraid that he has not the requisite genius; for no one can rise from the perusal of the present book without the conviction that Locke's philosophy is an infinitely more unsubstantial and unfruitful thing than he had previously dreamed. Indeed, it is an extreme mistake to speak of Locke's philosophy. Neither in the highest nor in the lowest nor in any sense can Locke be regarded as a philosopher, in spite of Mr. Taggart and the other Lilliputians who lift up their spears to defend him. Locke was neither a metaphysician nor a logician, nor a moralist—he was simply a grammarian. The value of his contributions to grammatical science cannot be fairly determined till he is dethroned from his place among foremost thinkers. As a thoroughly respectable person, faithful to all the decurums, we dispute not the position he has always held.

Mr. Smart's book, like the famous work of his master, really treats of and relates to grammar, and has no bearing on metaphysics whatever. The author has no metaphysical faculty, and he does not seem to have had even the rudiments of metaphysical culture. There is a sort of sharpness about all the Lockeists. They have moved so continually round in the same confined circle, that they are familiar with every object which it contains. They can take accurately, therefore, the dimensions of each particle of dust, and chronicle honestly, though with some deficiency of poetic colour, the oddities of a spider, or the career of a midge. But when they venture out of this circle into the universe they talk egregious nonsense, without, unfortunately, amusing us. It is too bad for a man to be absurd without at the same time being ridiculous. If he insists on doing or saying something most monstrous, he should be so good-humoured as to let us have a hearty laugh at him. The Lockeists, however, go on varying their sharpness in their own sphere with escapades into creation, yet never cease to be provokingly dull. It is true one ought to be entertained by their excessive vanity, and we have tried a thousand times to be entertained thereat; but we have uniformly failed. Whatever in their utterances is not assumption is presumption. And we feel that the assumption should excite our anger, and the presumption our smiles; but the anger and the smiles come not, we are merely wearied to death. The case is perplexing. Perhaps none but the Lockeists themselves can explain it; and, as they are fond of discussing small points, we leave this one in our benevolence to their shrewd but shallow intellect.

The grand discovery which Mr. Smart has made, and for which, judging from his frequent lamentations and self-laudations, the world has not been sufficiently grateful, is, that every right theory of metaphysics must be based on and preceded by a right theory of language—that Locke approached this theory—that Horne Tooke passed beyond it—and that Mr. Smart has, avoiding alike the shortcomings of Locke and the impetuosity of Horne Tooke, at last victoriously grabbed it by the tail—that he ought, therefore, to be venerated as the final revealer, the primordial prophet, rendering useless future ponderings and discouragements on the subjects he has illuminated with the glance of his divine thought. As Mr. Smart is really a man of talent and of conscientious research, it is a pity that he should have adopted a tone so pompous and oracular, or that he should have tried to persuade us that there have been only three apostles of Providence, himself included, worth listening to in six thousand years on the matters the profoundest and most interesting. The egotism of a strongly enthusiastic nature is always welcome—it is the highest proof of sincerity and conviction; but the egotism which calmly parades its miracles of

originality and its mighty feats is akin to whatever makes us loathe the charlatan and his doings. And there is an air of charlatanism about this volume which will discourage those whom it does not disgust, and hinder them from giving it the attention it would otherwise merit.

Whether the author, his offensive puffery apart, has the right theory of language or not, it may easily be demonstrated that a right theory of metaphysics, so far from being dependent on a right theory of language, has nothing whatever to do with language. The only ally which metaphysics seeks is religion, in the richest fecundity, in the most catholic significance thereof. Metaphysics is the science, as religion is the feeling, of the invisible and therefore of the unspeakable. Why should I bother myself about speech and parts of speech, or debate with an immense show of Penny Cyclopædia perspicacity the question whether the verb begot the noun or the noun the verb, in a region where I burningly and yearningly seek rapturous identity with the unknown and unseen? How silly and how impertinent your peddling analysis seems to me as I offer the incense of my joy at the altar of my inner life—that altar symbolising the joy and the life of God. I must know what an adverb is, and an adjective, and a participle, and a conjunction, before I dare to plunge into the ecstatic abysses of Deity! If we had no other objections to the Locke school, we should war with it for being in the supremest degree irreligious. To reduce the Everlasting Spirit to a logical formula is bad enough—to reduce him to a grammatical fiction is incomparably worse. The Comteists, by discarding metaphysics altogether, are much more consistent. To reject metaphysics entirely is to reject religion entirely; but the Comteists, if atheists, do not refuse to be considered such. We refute the Comteists from history and from human nature; and they simplify the process for us by confessing the inevitable results of their doctrines. But the Lockeists, while essentially atheists, cravenly skulk behind moods and tenses and boundless grammatical jargon, and would be annoyed not to be recognised as excellent Christians. If they are so strenuous in demanding precision of language, let them give themselves the example of that precision. Mathematics are called mathematics, and poetry is called poetry, a spade a spade, a spoon a spoon, though sometimes for the benefit of Lockeists and others a syllable is added to the last word. Now why should grammar or logic ever be called metaphysics, seeing that they are neither more nor less than grammar and logic? The Lockeists continually tease us with their sheet of blank paper, and their baby knocking its head against its cradle till it learns the folly of so knocking it, and their pig diving its nose into the abounding trough from the pure impulse of instinct—a stupid, uninstructed brute, wholly ignorant of grammar. Good heavens! how familiar that sheet of paper, that baby, and that pig are to us! We have pined for a little variety; but evermore the sheet of paper, the baby, and the pig return; and evermore they are destined to return, that we may be taught how the letters of the alphabet are deeper and diviner than the most transcendental mysteries which the gushing heart of the saint adores. We are unable, we must avow it, to write of Lockeism and the Lockeists purely as critics and with judicial equanimity. We are stung to wrath by an arrogance, a stupidity, a sophistry, and a sciolism all worthy of each other. It is in harmony with the current cant about tolerance that a man should be allowed to hold and to express what opinions he pleases. But suppose a man holds and expresses opinions that totally confound those grand distinctions on which the religious and the moral rest, I must seize, not the quill, but the battle-axe. And in wielding the battle-axe I should cease not shouting, as blow after blow fell, what metaphysics from the very name must mean and suggest. What is in nature is physical; what I imagine or idealise to be beyond nature is metaphysical. Of the physical I can speak, though even of that language can say little. Of the metaphysical I can speak too if I choose—but it will only be to declare the inadequacy of speech to represent, however faintly, the holy and the hidden world. It is preposterous in the Lockeists to call them-

selves metaphysicians and sensationalists too; it is still more preposterous in them to assert that language is endowed with an omnipotence in metaphysics which entitles it to be infallible and despotic. What is hyperphysical is of course supersensuous, so that metaphysics and sensationalism are immortally antagonistic. As to the omnipotence of language, how does it happen that in metaphysics alone it is admissible? The more I love, the more I am struck dumb with overwhelming emotion. The more my phantasy glows with the poet's dreams, the more all words seem poor and cold. The lowlier I bend in piety and contrition at the throne of the Infinite, the more my lips are subdued into silence. Yet that which is the generic term for whatever is most mystical in love, in poetry, in religion, finds, it appears, an unbounded opulence of words at its command. Mr. Smart must pardon us for holding stoutly to a contrary faith. By so much the more as metaphysics is less emotional than love, and poetry, and religion, though kindred to them all, is it inclined to bridle the tongue and to wrap itself up in a species of quietism, to be interrupted by nothing but an occasional outburst of sayings notable for Orphic obscurity and aphoristic brevity. It is such metaphysics that we have in some of the fragments of Novalis, which in a few lines of pregnant thought tell us more of God and nature and ourselves, than a dozen lumbering volumes by Locke and the grammarians who boast themselves his followers.

So far as style is concerned, this book is written with exceeding clearness; and we doubt not that in those of his works in which Mr. Smart professedly limits himself as an expositor and illustrator to grammar as such, he is a useful and admirable author. But, apart from style, the essay is a chaos of the wildest confusion. This would be unavoidable in any man who discourses on metaphysics without being a metaphysician. In metaphysics there are not ideas—there is simply unity of idea; and this unity cannot fail to guide the metaphysician aright, as the sun may direct the pilgrim where a thousand stars would fail. Now Mr. Smart, having never been overshadowed and fructified by a living ontology, continually speaks as if causality, analogy, and psychology differed in nothing from each other. The commonest facts in association, which have been worn threadbare by being stuffed into every schoolboy's exercise, he marshals before us with an air of erudition which would be diverting, if it were possible for a Lockeist to do or to say anything to divert. Yet these well-known facts of association exhibited by him in such tiresome and puerile fashion he evidently considers—mixing as usual ontology, causality, analogy, and psychology—fruits ripe, rich and rare, plucked by the hand of genius from his new theory of language. Even the very talent for analysis so indispensable to the grammarian, and which Mr. Smart so eminently possesses, but adds to the confusion; for the things he cuts so carefully into minute pieces have a curious tendency to rush higgledy-piggledy together.

Though we think language excluded from the domain of metaphysics proper, and that no new theory of language can have any effect on the regeneration of metaphysics any more than such a theory could influence or cause a religious reformation, we also think that there is room enough and demand enough for a new theory of language, in a direction, however, quite the opposite of Lockeism. Why should we sever language from the other vitalities of the universe? Why should we relegate it so capriciously and so pedantically to the sphere of abstractions? And why, in order to show that language is the prerogative and the pride of man, should we distinguish, as Mr. Smart does, between human intellect and the intellect of the brute? We best honour God by viewing and feeling Nature as a whole. And how much do we lose, what an enormous and tragical rent do we tear in creation, when we isolate man from the infinite harmonies and shut him up in order to do him honour, in logic and grammar; boasting of him as peculiarly the animal that reasons and speaks! All things have their language if by language is understood that which conveys meaning and emotion to others. And it could never be the will of the great Father that a scholastic subtlety

should be allowed to exalt the cold understanding and its cold words into the sole, the sublimest symbols of himself. In his vast kingdom how much transcends in eloquence the utterances of man's haughty and audacious reason! Surely, as the lark soars and sings, sings and soars, till the blue of the sky seems deeper and more beautiful through the music, there is a voice reminding us more of Him whom no voice can fitly praise than the wisest maxims of philosophers. The bee's hum, the throbbing of every insect's wing as it seeks its banquet on a leaf or dances in the breeze, the rustle of the tree, and the murmur of the brook, are parts of the joyous and everlasting chorus. Better believe, like the Oriental religions and the ancient sages, that inorganic things speak, than that man, so often the rebel to his Maker through his questioning and aspiring reason, has, from the perfected and too artificialised vehicle of reason, an enviable, a prodigious privilege. Who that has ever had a favourite horse, a favourite dog, or a favourite bird, knows not how quickly the ponderous barrier between brute intellect and human intellect is thrown down by a glance, a gesture, or a caress. Have not also those we call the lower animals their language, by which they communicate promptly and completely with each other? There are established laws, and there are long debates, in a rookery, though the rooks may possibly be ignorant of syllogisms and grammar. But, suppose Mr. Smart is too enslaved by his formulas to take an interest in the gladsome and various discourse of creation, and gravely, sternly demands that we should not wander from human language; we maintain that this is in the main of pictorial origin, and that there is no part of speech which may not be shown to be thoroughly concrete, dispensing with the necessity of introducing those ugly but convenient slaves of the grammarians—abstractions. The Lockeists always forget that the eye is far more concerned than the ear in the construction of language, and that, except the simple cry of passion, words are an attempt to reproduce pictures. The roots of every original language glow with colour—potently paint. The evil is that, most modern languages being formed out of borrowed materials, this pictorial element is entirely overlooked. If we reflect that sounds are intermittent and frequently vague, while the eye presents us incessantly with colours and generally with organisms, we cannot be at a loss for a moment in ascertaining whether the eye or the ear has contributed most to the formation of language. What a noble study will etymology be when, taking up all original languages, it brings freshly to light, with the learning of a Grimm and the poetry of a Shakspeare, the countless pictures those languages have treasured up in dusty halls during thousands of years.

Not in reference to language alone is all this cant about human intellect and brute intellect, reason and instinct, exceedingly nauseous and silly. It is not to be tolerated in any matter or in any shape whatever. It is part of that Greek Rationalism which comes to us under so many different aspects. When we are told in the Scriptures that Adam gave names to the animals, whatever may be the literal sense, there is a very beautiful symbolical sense—that Adam rejoiced in every link connecting him with the universal life; that he humbly and gratefully confessed how much the hand of the Great Father had moulded of the same clay him and the smallest creature that banqueted on that Father's bounty. There is nothing degrading to man or dishonouring to God in the belief that the intellect of the brute is kindred to man's own; and much that is called instinct in the brute indubitably arises from a reasoning process and an intellectual power. The admirable skill with which the bird builds its nest it is a misuse of words to attribute to instinct. When also the bird plays without fear near the sheep or the ox, but flies from man, are we to speak of this as instinct? Verily no. Man attacks the bird; the ox and the sheep do not. Furthermore, Mr. Smart, echoing the old futilities and the old fallacies, declares that man's instincts must be subject to man's higher powers. Now, in a certain sense it is wrong to speak either of man's higher or of his lower powers, since man is a being formed as a totality by God, and in the image of God. But, if it be allowable for convenience sake to distinguish between our higher and our lower powers, surely it is not our reasoning but our instinctive faculties which we should consider as the highest. A mere reasoning machine is a most wretched

spectacle. This all the world feels—this all the world says. In genius and in character alike we measure a man by the nobleness and wealth of his impulses. Our sympathies, our phantasies, our valour—take away the instinctive therefrom, and how little of the divine remains! Reason has nothing creative—it simply guides. The rudder is necessary to the ship; and without the rudder the ship would be whirled wildly on the waters or dashed on the rocks. But see a ship careering full sail on the billows, and you would hesitate to call the rudder the finest part of the vessel.

Denying emphatically, as we have had frequent occasion before to deny, that what is called the inductive philosophy is applicable to the invisible nature of man, we at the same time entirely disagree with Mr. Smart, that there are only two kinds of philosophy, and that none others are possible; namely, the speculative and the inductive. There is further, the philosophy of intuition, or of identification; the philosophy of catholic aggregation; the philosophy of individual appropriation and outpouring. Leibnitz might be taken as a type of the purely speculative mind; Humboldt of the purely inductive mind; but who cannot easily imagine a variety of other types? By the philosophy of intuition or identification, we mean the going forth by instinct of the invisible nature of man toward the invisible nature of God. Here there is no speculation, no induction; yet how rich the results! By the philosophy of catholic aggregation, we mean the tendency which there is in mankind, age after age, independently of scientific instruments, and irrespective of scientific conditions, to add genially and without effort to its enormous store of knowledge. The philosophy of individual appropriation and outpouring, signifies the irresistible impulse which each man, even the least gifted, has to borrow from this store, and to pay what he borrows with usury back. To these three kinds of philosophy is the world infinitely more indebted than to a prating speculation and a boasting induction. When induction is mentioned, the Lockeists generally think it becoming to speak of Bacon too. But Bacon's real service to mankind was not properly of a philosophical character at all. He recalled the human race from vapoury formulas to a living universe—a service which no man since has so signally achieved as Thomas Carlyle.

There is much else demanding comment in Mr. Smart's book, and that comment we should not grudge, if we were not convinced that Lockeism is a dead or dying thing; and when it is fairly buried let England rejoice through all her borders.

ARTICUL.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Mystic, and other Poems. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Author of "Festus." London: Chapman and Hall.

SINCE the advent of *Festus*, a work comprising more beauties and more defects than any modern poem, Mr. Bailey has retired deeper into the realm of symbol and shadow, so that only at intervals we perceive the poet, like a colossal ghost, stalking amid the gathering gloom. Still we seem to be conscious of a presence, even when the form is least definable. We gaze with straining eyes and excited brain into the typical world through which we know that a spirit is wandering—wandering with a feverish and uncertain step which knows neither rest nor limit. We even strive—yet how vainly and unsuccessfully!—to take the stature and the dimensions of this giant of the air. If that fine yet daring intellect which created "*Festus*" could not be fathomed or interpreted a dozen years ago, how much less can it be now, when it has bounded further from our domestic yearnings, soared more remotely from our fireside homeliness, only to live and revel in a symbolical universe! If the greatest poet is he who attracts and centralises the most human of our faculties—and that he is so some scores of brilliant names attest—then Mr. Bailey is less a poet now than when he made *Festus* say—

O earth! how drear to think to tear oneself,
Even for an hour, from looks like this of thine;
From features, oh! so fair; to quit for aye
The luxury of thy side.

Festus has, we believe, passed through many editions; nor is this fact to be wondered at, when we remember that it shows how the grandeur of intellect, the fire and force of brain, trace their emanation from God through the pathway of our

affections. But what are we to understand by this new creation, this nameless *Mystic*, who "lived a threefold life through all the ages?" It may be—but we are by no means certain in an atmosphere of so much uncertainty—that this poem is designed to show a human intellect nurtured on spiritual manna, growing successively in power and comprehension, through all the cycles of time. Be it so; if we accept the symbol, it is because we can offer no more plausible solution. It is evident enough that *The Mystic* is too purely a symbolisation to catch the nearest way to the heart. In this poem there is scarcely a throb of earthly emotion; its action does not pulse through the channels of life, nor surge through a human medium. "*Festus*," if we remember aright, is made to say, "Thank God I am a man, not a philosopher;" whereas *The Mystic* can hardly be said to be one or the other, since he stands outside the orbit of our sympathies, and because it is the business of philosophy to clearly unfold a meaning, which *The Mystic* does not. Joined to the obscurest ideas we have a concealed coinage of words, an aggravated use of phrases utterly unmusical; so that the difficulty of reading the poem is increased, and the pleasure nullified—if, indeed, such abundant symbolism can afford pleasure at all! Mr. Bailey has forgotten his own teaching, which he put forward so beautifully and truthfully in his first poem. There we are told that words are the motes of thought, and nothing more; that they are like seashells on the shore, showing where the mind ends, and not how far it has been. Nothing can be finer than this teaching, and yet, strange to say, it has been forgotten by the very man who uttered it.

Any person who views *The Mystic* as a serious labour, as a genuine and natural outpouring of an intellect which whilom showed its brilliant proportions, will at once say that neither for splendour of thought, nor for pictorial richness, nor for poetic passion, can it be compared to "*Festus*." It has not the same, or a tithe of the same plastic strength, or imaginative wealth. Its style too unmistakably shows the ungainly strut of the pedant. What at first appeared as youthful delinquencies have grown seemingly into hoary sinings.

We claim the privilege of speaking thus boldly on the defects of *The Mystic*, because no reviewer has praised Mr. Bailey's former works more earnestly than we. "*Festus*" was a poetic textbook from which we could, and did at the time, select texts grand with inspiration, and glittering with the fulness of oriental imagery. Should we take extracts from *The Mystic* they may serve to justify our strictures, but can hardly be explicative of the purpose of the poem. To suppose that so intense a thinker and so forcible a poet as Mr. Bailey could have written a book which contained no evidences of his genius, no bits of gold in the arid waste, would be purely absurd. But despite these evidences—which we cannot help saying are neither so bold nor so lustrous as the author's antecedents warranted—*The Mystic* as a poem is a blunder; a blunder in this sense, that as much as readers will never understand the profundity of the symbols, so they will never appreciate the efforts of the author. We may, however, be wrong, for appreciation of an author is not always the result of his being comprehended. Recently a friend of ours casually took two books from our table, written by two brothers, with whom he was acquainted, and of whose talents he had heard much. After hastily glancing into the volumes, one of which treated on gunnery, and the other on astronomy, subjects which our friend had never studied, he innocently and without the slightest idea of satire exclaimed, "I can't understand a word of those books; what very clever fellows those Smiths are." *The Mystic* who

Seven times his soul
Commingleth heaven'd with his light the world—

that is to say, who passes through seven phases or divisions of life—may well puzzle a reader who has little symbolic aptitude. It would be a natural, and certainly a very pardonable offence, if such a reader confounded *The Mystic* with the Wandering Jew, or with any other fabulous and peripatetic animal. We who have solemnly read *The Mystic*, and preserved the healthfulness of our brain, totally exonerate Mr. Bailey from the sin of literary backsliding. We still have hope in his great genius, in his constructive rationality, because we opine—mark, gentle reader, we have not actually been told—that *The Mystic* is neither more nor less than a literary hoax! We

trust it is so; for then we should have occasion to applaud Mr. Bailey's ingenuity, and not lament over his departed greatness. What if Mr. Bailey should take his revenge on those who mangled his early reputation, by fabricating *The Mystic*, now that his fame has been secured, in order to test the penetration, the honesty, the fallibility of the critics? There is a spice of exquisite humour in this; and then how delightful to wait behind some angle of poetic reputation, and observe grave reviewers, who have grown grey in the butchery of young authors, tumbling ungraciously into the pit so skillfully dug for them!

On the other hand, suppose we adopt what one, at least, generous critic has affirmed, that *The Mystic* is the symbolism of a soul divinely instructed—what then? How are we to understand the material properties, for he seems to have such, of this mystic, and his very odd places of abode? We are told that for a million years he "suffered as a mountain," that the same number of years he passed "in the sea's arms," that the term grows to a "myriad" among the birds, and "thrice" that time among the four-footed tribes; but stranger still, we are informed that,

In the coffin'd core
Of the heaven-wedding pyramid, at last
He faint'd in perfection.

This final line is really too hard a strain on our good nature. Let us for a moment quit *The Mystic* and turn to the second poem in the volume, which is certainly many shadows less mystical. It is denominated *A Spiritual Legend*, and is borrowed from the early Gnostics of the Nile. The angels with the intention to "enlarge God's reign" entreat the Deity to bestow on them the power to create, or having this power to grant them the privilege of using it. The treatment of this legend, which in its conception really commands and opens wide poetic scope, is hard, pedantic, and wonderfully free of everything like Saxon melody or chasteness. Mark this.

The angels made the solid earth; its rocks
Chaotic and amorphous, petrified fire,
Granitic, oolitic; sand and lime;
Igneous and aquatic beds of stone
Upheaving or collapsing, seemed, in turn,
The awful sport of some Titanian arm,
Whose elbow, jogged by earthquakes, wry'd the pole.

Have our readers sufficiently considered this inflexible language, and especially the want of dignity in the closing metaphor. The names of the objects which the angels formed are given with a dreariness and a particularising exactness quite apart from the true spirit of poetry, and which reminds us of Milton in his prosiest and most somnolent mood. A couple of extracts will explain.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The angels wrought the mountains, bulk by bulk,
And chain by chain serrated or escarp'd,
Or coal-red burning from Vulcanian forge;
Hekla and Mouna Roa and Auvergne;
Tuxtla; and Tongarari, southwards isled;
By savages beset, who deem when dead,
Their chieftain's eyes translated into stars;
Andes and Himalaya's heavenly heights;
Dhawalagiri's pinnacle supreme,
And Chuquibamb's cone of roseate snow;
The hill Altife named the almighty god,
By Tchulué tribeslets of the age of mounds;
Higher than lark can soar, or falcon fly,
Cloudlet, or visible vapour send, it stands;
Oural and Balkan; Alp, and Alp pennine;
The magnet mountain which directeth earth,
Brainlike, ensconced beneath her snowy crowns;
Lupata's mighty spine; Lamalmon's pass,
O'ertopping; Abba Yare's glittering peak;
Ankobar's, Medra's ranges; all that ring
The desert heart of slave-land, or thence stretch
To the Cape of Storms, and lion of the sea;
And Erebus antarctic, fenced with ice,
Marmoreal mountains, by their radiant hand
Polished to white perfection, so to prove
A beauty beyond use, the angels piled;
Kallasa, and the etherial mount Meru,
Dazzling the sun with gems; Larnassus green;
And Athos, and Montserrat, holy heights,
Mountains of monks, and hills of hermits;
And that Kropakhian, wonder-mountain named,
Without, within; whose central fount obeys
With an obsequious volume, the moon's wane
Or increment; and that funeral spur
Of dark black marble that begloms the air;
Or, walling earth, the spirit-haunted Kaf,
With many a mythic marvel crowned of old.

THE SEAS AND LAKES.

The angels scooped the lesser seas and lakes;
Baltic, and midland, soundless; and that womb
Of nations, on whose life-devouring shore,
Far jutting into the black and bolterous deep,
Sebastopolis, key of empire, stands;
The pool Meotic, worshipped as a god
By Scythian hordes, and Amazonian dames,
Militant, jealous of the dexter breast;
And Caspian, deep below whose silvery wave
God's Eden hideth, and the hallowed gleebe;
Aral, Ván, Balkal, holy lake, most vast
Of mountain meres; and Tahtar Kokonor;

Ladoga shoal, deep Leman, isleted
Lomond, subterraneous of access;
And many an iceless and unfathomed pool
On mountain crest, or cowering at the foot;
Ontario, Winnebago, and the Slave;
Yntah's; hard by where the polygamous sect
(Mised by one self-unctioned, not anoint,
Nor golden oil of genius had, nor truth,
Who, from the brook the lines of lacquered lead
Sham angel-forged, dug out; who, after, fell
Shotted with three times Caesar's trickling wounds—
Ill-doer he, ill-done by;): bide their hour,
Dreadless; the great Saline; and Aztek, bowered
With floating pleasancess, where sailed the swans
Of away symbolic; Amucu, golden banked;
Or Titicaca, from whose sacred shores,
Long ages lapsed, the scions of the sun,
Manco Capac and Mama Oello, stepped,
Ancestral, to the sceptre of Berou;
Nyassi; Ngami; Mirima; Zana, and that
Lake of the gods, whence Nile, or white or blue;
And wide Nigritian Tschad, still inexplored;
All these, and countless more, the angels made,
While kind they were to earth, and dear to God.

Now turning once more to *The Mystic* we will show some of the transformations this inexplicable being undergoes through the seven grand epochs of his existence. Probably some of our readers may thereby seize the magic key of the symbol. This is a portion of the effects of one metamorphosis or birth.

Time's arid rivulet through its glassy gorge
Lapsed ceaseless; and again, by Gunga's wave,
(O! life and bliss assuring fount of heaven,
The life-flowings divine of Delty,
How mighty, how mysterious is thy name!)
He, of a damsel, sacred to the god
With fellow maidens sporting, whom a cloud
Of sunset glory clasped, and circumsuf
With vital brilliance, dropping—next was born.

Through the star-gates of the high luminous land
Came down the immortal aspirant of life.
With royal abnegation of all power
Prior, all motion, many a million years
He had suffered as a mountain, and to heaven,
In fiery heartfloods, for a thousand moons
Without pause, preconfessed his sins, and then
Eternal silence laid her snow-cold hand
Upon his lips, and they were le'd for ever;
(After in life, the mount wherein he had been
Enstomed he recognised, and felt it throb
Beneath his footsteps, heartlike 'neath a handy.
A thousand years, an oak, he crowned the hill,
And navies traced to him their ancestry;
In the sea's arms a million suns he passed;
Among the insect race that wing the air
Or crawl the dust, the like; among the birds
That skim the sky, a myriad; thrice that term
Through all four-footed tribes of nature, fierce
Or bland; from these, through various grades of men,
Of divers nations the o'ertrapping stems,
To the high paters of perfect sanctity,
Native wherein, at length, the hundredth time,
By pure persistency in sacred rites,
And stern assimilations of the soul
To fleshless life, even as the holy live,
Through seven bright spheres successive, he, his soul
Lift upwards, like a mountain by the main,
That laves his marble feet sea-deep, and high
O'er shore, plain, verdure, cloud, snow, vapour, bares
To the chill sky, his reverent brow; and he
This our initial world where all things fixed
Or free are passed; the re-existent orb
Skiey wherein, until time's destined doom,
All that have lived mindful of sacrifice
And holy rights sleep calm; and, as he passed,
He to the dimly gleaming shadows taught
A prayer would ring them entrance into bliss,
Like to the magic horn, in faerie halls,
Of blast resistless; thrice blown, every gate
Of every palace opens like a flower.

THIS ANOTHER—

Time's arid streamlet through its glassy gorge
Flowed pauseless; and, by Sida's crystal flood
Which, as with sea seven-tided, bathes the base
Of the high mount of vision, he was born
Again, to teach, to all the nations, life.
Born of the tree blood-sapped, which, on the steep
Of knowledge, thrice, by vital wind, impregn'd,
Buds forth her life, the mother of the world,
Upon the royal rock four-faced, he dwelled,
The tripod mountain, with its jewelled feet
Long while; the orient side of silver pure;
Beryl, the brow which over-awes the sun,
When, abdicating Heaven, he calls the stars
To attest his end imperial; the dead north
Of glowing gold, the south of ruby pale.
Up shining streams and over odorous lakes,
In golden boat or silver, pearly oared,
Dimpling the wave, he sped; or, dashing high
The fragrant foam; and now his limbs imbathed
Amid immortal nymphs, serenely pure,
Like living lilies floating on the tide,
In love with their own shadows, as they lay
Beneath the cooling moon. From sacred trees
Ambrosial fruit and gem-wrought raiment, tint
With the sun's infinite aureole, he culled;
And walked resplendent with his meteor eyes
Thrice round the dragon king, world-lifed, who saw
The first, and will the last of gods survive;
So vast and vile a monster, heaven and earth
With thunderous groans and lurid blushes, hid
Their starry heads, when God, in words of fire,
Asked them his generation.—Hell-begot,
Hell-born, they said, we know no more of him.

And this another—

Time's sand dry funnel through its glassy strait
Flowed checkless; and the immortal seeker now,
The son of seven bright parents, orbs divine
In precreative fire conjunctive ranged,
Upon the hallowed ground where Phrat still pours
His Paradeisal wavelets, cave-born stood,

Gray-bearded from his birth: and onward, urged
By the divine affinities of truth,
Which, in the lowest depth, sees but a step
Back to the pure perfection of the heavens,
He crept, in stifling darkness, through a cave
High vaulted, yea, a world cave, where, as in Heaven,
The truth first glimmered on him like a star;
Shewing where waited him a white winged steed,
That, fed on fiery adders, slaked his throat
From burning wells. Him mounting, on he sped
Through lions, wolves, and dragons, men of might,
Open or secret enemies, sands of fire
And storms of hail, the world's contempt or hate,
The spells of wine and gold, luxurious love,
Seductive beldames and adulterous ghoulas,
Vices that flesh devour, defile the dead.
The sun-fowl, spirit of life-consuming time,
The demons that in mental darkness dwell,
The brazen fort of royal tyranny,
With sin-black hills engirted (circumferent six,
Central the seventh) all-mastering, though half-spent;
Through threatening fies of fiery ghosts and fiends
Created from primaval darkneses;
The horrors of all visionary hells;
Huge spectral demons, figurative of sins;
And clueless mazes to the mouldy abyss
Where, couched on rottenness, and guarded sole
By pitfalls brimmed with crawling, weltering, worms
Lo! the white monster which appeals the world;
Death, but not him. O'er moats of sanguine slime,
And towers where glared a green and ghastly light,
And battlemented walls of human bones,
He sprang triumphant on his shrieking foe;
Smote him, and from his heart three blood drops black—
Black as the night the Son-God passed in hell,—
Wrung; thence ascending by a starry stair,
Each step a bliss, a virtue, he emerged
Soldier of God, and conqueror of all fear,
Therewith to purge the eye of wisest man.

And another still:—

Time's sand-dry streamlet through its glassy strait
Rilled restless; and the heaven-invested seer,
Of rainbow born and dragon stony-winged,
While lineally descended of the sun,
And cradled in regenerative tomb,
The orbit of his life renewed. Beside
The stream that through the midst the beauteous isle
Disparts, tree hid, tree light (where haply once
The tyrant lion of some cavernous land
To lesser brutes his deathful law dispensed;
Or with the jungle monarch, ivory-tusked
Held thunderous parley by the tidal swamp)
Or where the wave, prophetic and divine
From Bala pours; or on the far off coasts
Of sacred isle, where lunar mysteries
Are solemnised, as erst, and consummate;
Or, 'mid rude dwellings, once the abode of gods
Of hostile faiths, he lowly dwelled, and learned
On his cold knee, before white-bearded Eld,
From Truth's pale lips her everlasting lay,
And deepest, plithiest lore. For thrice nine years,
Through fits of silence, loneliness, fasting, toil,
He fought the foe of spirit and subdued.
The thrice thinned juices of the all-healing plant,
With moon-dews mingled and eye-brightening charms
The unseen to see, himself inviolable;
Honey, and berries red of the eerie wood,
Oakcorns and apples, roots, and wheaten cakes,
His fare and bever formed for twice an age,
With amber flowing mead at mooned feasts.

He on the circular mount of safety dwelled,
Taught by celestial serpent of the sun;
And learned his solar syllables of fire,
And the moon's mountain alphabet (first conned
By them of old, who, in the ark-hive, warred
Sole with a world of waters, warred and won)
And from the rock, cave-crested, downwards led,
Eye-bounden, by the hand of priestess maid,
Who in prophetic solitude abode;
Through the returnless valley, and thick-branched
Forest, whose trees sore strived, with audible groans
Their steps to intercept, they thrird their way
Shorewards, to where the hazy sea of death
Broke in black billows, soundless though their wrath,
Intangible its waters. Pacing thence
Into a skiff of grisly marble, they
O'er those mysterious straits quick steering, made
The isle of blessed ghosts, with plenary breath
That bright witch-virgin, silent but inspired,
The filmy sail o'erfilling, and called up
With the spirit of her breath so fierce a storm,
That with their madding moil the waves themselves
Inflamed; fire boiled; and all the waters blaze.

We are tempted to make one more extract, because it exposes in brief space all Mr. Bailey's defects—his obscurity, his parenthetical breaks, his cumbrous and pedantic words:—

Initiate, mystic, perfected, epopt,
Illuminate, adept, transcendent, he
Iry-like, lived, and died, and again lived,
Resuscitant. On high his nest he wove
In the strange tree whereof man first was made,
Whose roots reach down to hell, whose topmost bough
Waves its bright leaflets in the airs of heaven,
And communed with the universal life,
Beloved of lightning for its kindred birth,
That vivifies its veins; until possessed
Of all that could be known, the whole he knew;
Cropped where they grew the flowers of learning, massed
In meadowy beds, and bright with fragrant dew.

Carving with glyptic art immortal runes,
That rule the reluctant spirits of the dead,
On living wood, with primal matter o'ed,
Which breedeth still betimes celestial fruit,
He, arrow-like, launched forth—heaven is a bow
The chord whereof is earth—and charmed his way
Led by prismatic clue through spheres and skies,
Fire, ice, and scalding venom-floods of hell,
To prove all sacred truth within himself;
To test all holy virtues; and to know
The sovereign Master of the universe,
Who hallowing, blessed his hemispherical aim.

To him too came from Preadamic kings
The shield of power, graved with seven mystic seals,

Transcript of stars that signalised release
Jointly, to him, of their domain o'er earth;
Incav'd wherein, the book of light he coned
And read inscribed the truths which hallow heaven,
Yea viewed all mysteries not ineffable
And ne'er to be unsealed, denude themselves
Into two truths, of God and man, they one;
The light enlightened and enlightening light.
From scrolls Sathan and the columned lore
Of lands unknown, or which was wisely hid
In pre-diluvian volumes (lost, alas!
Neath those ebullient waters which engulfed
The foulnesses and sins of a naught world;
Or if conserved, in purity conserved
Only, within that temple subterrene,
Gem-pillar'd and nine-porch'd, from dust-doomed eye
Secreted, by one deathless reared, ere yet
Translated to the bosom of his God)
The secret orders of the sphere he learned,
Not yet to be revealed, nor till the end,
The coming Incandescence of the globe;
Then let the Heavens astounded, list to Fate.
By divine science and celestial art
He for the cause of the dear nations toiled,
And anguished man's heavenly hopes that so,
Child of the vast and universal man,
(Man archetypal, starry and terrene,
Whose head is high above the angelic seven,
Who's heart the sun), he might, by awful rites
Hinted in sacro-sanctities of the wise,
From knowledge of eternal names acquiescent,
Illumined intellect and pure desire,
Adhesion with Divinity achieve.

Our extracts in the main have been fair and honest; they have not been chosen as the feeblest or the most mystical; indeed, they present a very fair example of the character of the volume. Are we correct in our judgment, or is the best poetry like the impenetrable life of Mr. Nadgett, in "Martin Chuzzlewit"? If it be said that we have not extracted enough from Mr. Bailey's poetic wealth, or that we have only exposed that part of his book which is most incomprehensible, we most emphatically deny the charge; yet even if it were true the act may be ingeniously justified. Presuming that *The Mystic* is a literary hoax, its author can hardly desire that we should expose the brightest portion of his rationality.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE question of a revision of our authorised version of the Holy Scriptures is one that has been long agitated in this country; but it is at the same time one so beset with difficulties that no attempt has been made in an energetic manner to arrive at its solution. It is true that there have been individual efforts, and specimens of improved versions and new translations abound; but isolated performances of this kind carry little or no weight with them. If ever we are to have a revised version it can only be brought about by zealous co-operation. Orthodox Christians, of whatever denomination, must unite and devise some sound plan of operations, pledging themselves to adhere to it, and employing in their service the learning of the best scholars in the country. Having shown themselves thus in earnest, we have no doubt whatever of their obtaining a favourable hearing in due time from the Legislature. An association of this kind has been for some time in existence in the United States. It is called the "American Bible Union," and a specimen of its labours is now before us, entitled *Specimen of a Revision of the English Scriptures of the Old Testament, from the original Hebrew, on the basis of the common English version, compared with the earlier ones on which it was founded. Prepared for the American Bible Union by THOMAS J. CONANT, Professor in Rochester Theological Seminary, &c. (New York: American Bible Union).*—The specimen here submitted to public criticism consists of the first three chapters of the book of Job, the publication being in three parts, viz.:—I. The common English version, the Hebrew text, and the revised version, with critical and philological notes. II. The revised version, with explanatory notes, for the English reader. III. The revised version, by itself. Prefixed is an advertisement containing a plan of the work, and rules to be observed in the translation. These appear to us to be dictated by a sound judgment. They are too numerous, however, for us to extract, and we must confine ourselves to recommending such of our readers as feel an interest in the subject to apply to Messrs. Trübner and Co., of Paternoster-row, for copies of the present specimen.

While our Transatlantic friends are thus laudably engaged in the work of a new version, a publication somewhat akin to it is favourably progressing here. This is, *The English Bible: containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised Version; newly divided into Paragraphs; with concise Introductions to the several Books, and with Maps and Notes illustrative of the Chronology, History, and Geography of the Holy Scriptures; containing also the most remarkable Variations of the Ancient Versions, and the chief results of modern Criticism.* (London: Blackader.) No VI. of this edition of the Bible, containing the books of Ruth and 1 and 2 of Samuel, has recently been published. We have already spoken with approbation of its distinguishing features, and

take this opportunity of again recommending it to our readers. The division into sections and paragraphs, instead of the old one of chapters and verses, is calculated materially to assist the student of Holy Writ, while the notes are judicious and concise, and the typography excellent.

But Bible-loving England is interested in other versions of the Scriptures besides her own, as witness the indefatigable labours of the Bible Society, and the thousands of pounds expended annually in translating and circulating the Holy Scriptures in every known language. All this, however, is not always done to the satisfaction of every one. Scarcely had the Bible Society sprung into existence, just half a century ago, when some of its proceedings were found fault with. Some of its versions were declared inaccurate, and its managers were from time to time accused of mispending the subscribers' money in ridiculous experiments. Such accusations were, of course, not suffered tamely to go by; and hence a large mass of controversy, which, if gathered together, would occupy at least a score of good-sized volumes. The society, we are happy to say, has stood its ground, having upon the whole satisfactorily refuted the charges brought against it, although its best friends cannot pretend that its proceedings have been in every instance "most wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best." The latest controversy in which it is concerned is with reference to the Chinese version of the Scriptures. On this subject an octavo volume has been just published, entitled *Who is God in China, Shin or Shang-Te? Remarks on the Etymology of 神 and of 上帝, and of the rendering of those terms into Chinese.* By the Rev. S. C. MALAN, M.A. (London: Bagster).—Mr. Malan's octavo is principally directed against a small pamphlet, entitled "Shin v. Shang-Te: antagonistic versions of the Chinese Scriptures. By a Life-member of the Bible Society, of thirty years' standing." We recollect calling our readers' attention to this pamphlet when it appeared, and dismissing it with the remark, *non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* We must do the same with the volume before us. While doing so, however, we cannot help condemning the extreme flippancy of the writer in dealing with so important a subject. He acknowledges himself that he knows little or nothing of Chinese; but he takes great pains to parade his knowledge of other languages, luging in quotations from the Arabic, Turkish, Sanscrit, Coptic, and we know not how many other tongues, as if to crush his modest antagonist with the weight of so much erudition. The writer concludes by deciding in favour of Shang-Te. This decision, however, considering how little, upon his own showing, he knows of Chinese, cannot be regarded as having any importance; and the only use of his book that we can see, is that it may serve as an advertisement for Mr. Bagster's many and beautiful founts of foreign type.

An Essay on the Existence and Attributes of God. By the Rev. PATRICK BOOTH, A.M., Minister of Innerleithen (Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie).—This is one of the unsuccessful essays submitted to the adjudicators of the Burnet prizes. It cost the writer four years of hard labour, and, having done so, he was naturally unwilling that it should "pass as quietly as possible into the land of forgetfulness." Mr. Booth has, we think, done well to publish his essay; for, although unsuccessful in the matter of the prize, it certainly shows a considerable amount of thought, and is calculated to have a beneficial effect upon the mind of a candid reader.

Glimpses of Jesus; or, Christ exalted in the Affections of His People. By W. P. BALFERN. Second edition. (London: Shaw.) Religious works may in general be classed as either dogmatical, logical, or devotional. This by Mr. Balfern belongs to the last-mentioned, and it would be difficult to name one better calculated to serve the object it has in view. This, as the writer tells us, "is to exalt Christ in the affections of His people; to furnish them with fresh motives to increased devotedness to him; and, in connection with this, to impart consolation to the afflicted, to attract the awakened and encourage them to come to Jesus, and to arouse the formalist and the careless." The headings of some of the chapters will further sufficiently explain the nature of Mr. Balfern's work, as "Christ in the Manger, or an Argument for the Meek; Christ among the Doctors, or a Secret for the Learned; Christ in the Wilderness, or a Lesson for the Tempted; Jesus expounding the Word, or a Precedent for the Priest; Jesus at Bethany, or what will make a Happy Home," &c. On each of these scenes in the life of the Saviour the writer dwells in an earnest, affectionate tone, which reminds us strongly of some of the best productions of the Moravians.

Broken Bread: Short Comments for Family Use. By the Rev. CAPEL MOLYNEUX, B.A. (London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co.) consists of fifty brief expositions of passages of Scripture involving some of the most important articles of the Christian faith. The writer is aware that many similar works are in existence, but thinks that "they may still be usefully multiplied a thousand-fold." We do not quite agree with him in this, at the same time that we cannot help commending what he has himself done in this direction.

Dr. CUMMING's new work, *The End, or the Proximate Signs of the Close of this Dispensation* (London:

Shaw) is but a *refaciamento* of what he has already again and again been endeavouring, both from the pulpit and the press, to inculcate the public mind withal. Here is the old story of "the drying-up of the Euphrates" and "the budding of the fig-tree," &c., &c., together with a lecture on "The Russian and Northern Confederacy," in which he discourses with the utmost complacency about Gog and Magog, Meshech and Tubal, and treats us to some additional specimens of his philological lore. Thus he tells us: "The very name Caucasus, that we have read of so often in the papers in their accounts of recent events, is derived from the two oriental words Gog and Chasan, which means Gog's fortified place. So that, whenever you read of the Caucasus, you read the mountains of Gog's fortified place, or Gog's fort; the very name of these mountains indicating the family or race with which by proximity they were intimately associated." Again, he says: "The ancient Britons, who are now in Wales, still call themselves Cymry, a name evidently derived from Gomer. The ancient name of Wales is Cambria, which is derived also from Gomer. And even Cumberland, into which many of the Gomerians or the inhabitants of Wales spread, literally means Gomer-land!" Let these two derivations serve as specimens of the way in which the Rev. Doctor allows his fancy to run riot in the volume before us.

Simultaneously with Dr. Cumming's work, "The End," we are called upon to notice one by a Roman Catholic writer, entitled *The End of the World; or the Second Coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* By the Very Rev. JOHN BAPTIST PAGANI. (London: Dolman.) Such of our readers as like to consider both sides of a question would do well to peruse this. It may, in fact, do Dr. Cumming himself some good; for, however clearly he may have established it in his own mind that Babylon means Papal Rome, much may be said on the other side. Dr. Pagani, for instance, strongly insinuates that it may mean London itself.

Twenty-seven Sermons, preached in St. George's Church, Barnsley, Yorkshire. By the Rev. W. J. BROCK, B.A., Curate (London: Longmans).—Mr. Brock's sermons are of a decidedly practical order. The subjects treated of are so handled as to be within the comprehension of every one, and yet there is no lack of eloquence on fit occasions. There is abundant evidence also "of the sincerity of purpose, which he trusts has ever influenced him in the declaration of those truths that he believes to be in strict accordance with the Word of God and the Scriptural teaching of the Church of England."

The Homilist and Bi-Monthly Review. (London: Ward and Co.)—From the fact of this publication having now reached its twenty-fifth number it may be considered as being tolerably well established in the public favour. Each number contains one or two homilies on important subjects, together with other original contributions, as well as reviews of religious publications.

The new number of the *Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record*, edited by the Rev. H. BRIGGS, LL.D. (London: Heylin.)—commences with an admirable paper by the editor, on "The Study of the Bible: in what spirit should it be pursued." It contains also a review of Mr. Mozley's work "On the Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination," a continuation of "Three Months in Palestine," and of Dr. Hinckes's very learned treatise on "Assyrian Verbs,"—besides other valuable matter. On the whole, it is a highly interesting number.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Fur Hunters of the Far West: a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains. By ALEXANDER ROSS. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Sporting Adventures in the New World; or, Days and Nights of Moose Hunting in the Pine Forests of Acadia. By Lieut. Campbell Hardy, R.A. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE charm of sporting adventure is never lost. The boy loves to dream of it, the man to read of it; in youth we enjoy it by anticipation; in middle age, in the practice; in old age, by the recollection. Hence books like those before us are always popular. They combine the attractions of travel and of fiction; it is truth bordering on romance—the reality that is stranger than fiction. Book-clubs buy, circulating libraries must place them upon their shelves, with certainty that they will not slumber there; and one reading does not suffice; the pages are perused over again and again, with ever new delight.

Mr. Ross has spent forty-four years of his life in the Indian territories of North America; the first fifteen of them in the regions of Columbia, the farthest of the "far west;" the remaining years in the Red River Settlement. A selection from his adventures has already appeared, and the cordial welcome given to them tempted to the present publication, which is in no degree less interesting. He has sought to add to its value

by introducing a great deal of information relating to the geography of the country and the history of the settlement. It is to this soberer portion of the work that we shall direct the attention of the reader in the extracts which we propose presently to lay before him, by way of temptation to further acquaintance with the pages whence they are taken.

Captain Hardy also was a sportsman, but with this difference. Mr. Ross was a "mighty hunter" as a business. He was what we call in England a "pot-hunter;" he killed his game to sell it, or so much of it as was saleable. But Captain Hardy is an amateur. He loved sport and sought it, for its own sake. His volumes are crowded with sporting anecdote and reminiscence. His descriptions of moose hunting are quite novel. He does not pretend to much literary skill, nor does he need it. Nobody reads a book like this for the sake of the writing, but for the scenes it describes; and description by a rough soldierly pen is often more vivid than any that can be produced by the accomplished author, who studies the picture and not unfrequently elaborates it into a shadow.

But we must not longer detain the reader from what will please and inform him far more than any commentary of ours—a gathering of amusing passages from the volumes, which will better plead their own cause than we can. Suffice it that we cordially recommend both of these pleasant books to all readers.

The greater portion of Mr. Ross's second volume is devoted to an account of an expedition to the head-waters of the Missouri, accompanied by a numerous party, equipped both for hunting and war, and instructed to explore, negotiate, or fight, according to circumstances. The Indians, whose territory they were commissioned to explore, were naturally expected not to witness with complacency the irruption of such a body of strangers—though, considering how Englishmen abstain from territorial plunder, and how virtuously indignant they are with any other nation guilty of this crime, the poor natives ought to have feared nothing. The expedition encountered many dangers and difficulties, but escaped ultimately with little loss.

One of the most formidable of the fur-hunter's foes is the grisly bear. Mr. Ross inspected one of its abodes.

THE BEAR'S RETREAT.

Along Grisly-bear River we shot four elk, twenty-two deer, two otters, two beavers, and three black bears, without stepping out of our way. But the bears were poor, and the only cause we could assign for it was the scarcity of berries and fish; for these animals generally frequent fruit and fish countries; and we did not notice any fish in the river. Tracks of wild animals, wherever the ground was soft, were abundant, crossing the road in every direction. In one of the thickets, as we passed along, our guide took us a little out of our way to show us what he called a bear's haunt, or wintering den; where that animal, according to Indian story, remains in a dark and secluded retreat, without food or nourishment, for months together, sucking its paws! There was nothing remarkable in the place: the entrance to the lair or den was through a long and winding thicket of dense brushwood; and the bear's hiding-place was not in a hole under ground, but on the surface, deeply imbedded among the fallen leaves. Over the den the snow is often many feet thick, and the bear's hiding-place is discovered only by an air-hole resembling a small funnel, sometimes not two inches in diameter, through which the breath issues, but so concealed from view that none but the keen eye of the savage can find it out. In this den the bear is said to lie in a torpid state from December till March.

They fell in with the Piegan Indians, with whom they had a fight, killing twenty, and losing three of their own party. The rest of the poor creatures knelt down and implored mercy. It was refused; and, in despair, the Indians fled to the bush. There the fur-hunters fired volleys of shot at them, until they were tired, and then they thus completed the

MASSACRE OF THE NATIVES.

McDonald and his men being fatigued with firing, thought of another and a more effectual plan of destroying the Piegans. It blew a strong gale of wind at the time, so they set fire to the bush of dry and decayed wood; it burst with the rapidity of straw, and the devouring element laid the whole bush in ashes in a very short time. When it was first proposed, the question arose who should go and fire the bush, at the muzzle of the Piegans' guns. "The oldest man in the camp," said McDonald; "and I'll guard him." The lot fell upon Bassony, a superannuated hunter on the wrong side of seventy; the poor and wrinkled old man took the torch in his hand and advanced, trembling every step with the

fear of instant death before him; while McDonald and some others walked at his heels with their guns cocked. The bush was fired, the party returned, and volleys of buck-shot were again poured into the bush to aid the fire in the work of destruction. About one hundred yards from the burning bush, was another much larger bush; and while the fire was consuming the one, our people advanced and stationed themselves at the end of the other, to intercept any of the Piegans who might attempt the doubtful alternative of saving themselves by taking refuge in it. To ensure success, our people left open the passage from the one bush to the other, while they themselves stood in two rows, one upon each side, with their guns cocked; suddenly the half-roasted Piegans, after uttering a scream of despair, burst through the flames and made a last and expiring effort to gain the other bush; then our people poured in upon each side of them a fatal volley of ball and buck-shot, which almost finished what the flames had spared. Yet, notwithstanding all these sanguinary precautions, a remnant escaped by getting into the bush. The wounded victims who fell under the last volley, the Iroquois dealt with in their own way—with the knife. After the massacre was ended, our people collected their dead and returned to their camp at sunset; not we should suppose to rejoice, but rather to mourn. We afterwards learned that only seven out of the seventy-five which formed the party of the unfortunate Piegans returned home to relate the mournful tale. Although our people were drawn into this unfortunate affair with justice on their side, yet they persevered in it with folly and ended it with cruelty: no wonder, then, if they afterwards paid for their cruelty with their own blood.

At another place they came upon two Indians, one elderly, the other a young man about 20 years of age, who was suffering from a wound in the breast, the story of which is thus told by the elder:—

"We have been here," said he, "ten days. At first we were a good many persons; but my son," pointing to the wounded man, "had a quarrel with one of his comrades about his wife, after which the man went off, and my son's wife followed him, and we have not seen them since. My son then in a fit of rage for his wife shot himself, as you see, and I am taking care of him." From this it would appear that the inhabitants of the wilderness are subject to fits of jealousy. As soon as the aged father had related his son's misfortune, he began to cry and lament sadly. They had applied nothing to the wound, but had probed it with a small sharp stick, round the point of which was tied a little of the inner rind of the spruce bark pounded very soft, which kept the wound running—a painful operation, that had reduced the patient almost to a skeleton. Having nothing else, we gave him a piece of soap to wash the wound, and then left them. The wound was from a gun loaded with shot, which, as far as we could judge, had penetrated almost through the body; but from what I have already seen of wounds amongst Indians, I think it possible he might recover.

Among other curiosities of natural history was the discovery of

A POISONOUS BEAVER.

On reaching the stream we found beaver in considerable numbers: the first lift yielded forty-nine. The prospect before us was encouraging; but here a misfortune clouded our hopes, and made beaver a secondary consideration. After breakfast the second morning, a number of the people were taken ill; and the sickness becoming general throughout the camp, it struck me that there must have been something poisonous in our food or water. Not being able to discover anything, I began to inquire more particularly what each person had eaten that morning, and found that all those who had breakfasted on the fresh beaver taken out of the river were affected, whilst those who had eaten other food remained in good health. Two hours had not elapsed before thirty-seven persons were seized with gripings and laid up. The sickness first showed itself in a pain about the kidneys, then in the stomach, and afterwards in the back of the neck and all the nerves; and at length the whole system became affected. The sufferers were almost speechless and motionless; having scarcely the power to stir, yet suffering great pain, with considerable froth about the mouth. I was seriously alarmed, for we had no medicine of any kind in our camp, nor scarcely time to have used it; so rapidly was the sickness increasing, that almost every soul in the camp, in the space of a few hours, was either affected with the disease, or panic-struck with fear! The first thing I applied was gunpowder: throwing, therefore, a handful or two of it into a dish of warm water, and mixing it up, I made them drink strong doses of it; but it had little effect. I then tried a kettle of fat broth, mixed up and boiled with a handful or two of pepper which some of the people happened to have. I made them drink of that freely; and whether it was the fat or the pepper, I know not, but it soon gave relief. Some were only sick for part of the day; but others, owing perhaps to the quantity they had eaten, were several days before they got over it; and some of them felt the effects of it for a month afterwards. We then examined the flesh of the beaver, and found it much whiter and softer, and

the people who had eaten of it said, sweeter to the taste than the flesh of beaver generally. As there was no wood about the banks of the river, we supposed these animals must have lived on some root of a poisonous quality, which, although not strong enough to destroy them, yet was sufficiently deleterious to injure us: from this it was that I named this stream *Rivière aux Malades*.

This is

HOW THEY CROSS A RIVER.

When the current proves too strong or the water too deep for one person to attempt it alone, the whole join hands together, forming a chain, and thus cross in an oblique line, to break the strength of the current; the tallest always leading the van. By their united efforts, when a light person is swept off his feet, which not unfrequently happens, the party drag him along; and the first who reaches the shore always lays hold of the branches of some friendly tree or bush that may be in the way; the second does the same, and so on till all get out of the water. But often they are no sooner out than in again; and perhaps several traverses will have to be made within the space of a hundred yards, and sometimes within a few yards of each other, just as the rocks or other impediments bar the way. After crossing several times, I regretted that I had not begun sooner to count the number; but before night I had sixty-two traverses marked on my walking-stick, which served as my journal throughout the day.

And here is a picture of

LIFE IN A CANOE.

The bourgeois is carried on board his canoe upon the back of some sturdy fellow generally appointed for this purpose. He seats himself on a convenient mattress, somewhat low in the centre of his canoe; his gun by his side, his little cherubs fondling around him, and his faithful spaniel lying at his feet. No sooner is he at his ease than his pipe is presented by his attendant, and he then begins smoking, while his silken banner undulates over the stern of his painted vessel. Then the bending paddles are plied, and the fragile craft speeds through the currents with a degree of fleetness not to be surpassed—yell upon yell from the hearty crew proclaiming their prowess and skill. A hundred miles performed, night arrives; the hands jump out quickly into the water, and their nabob and his companions are supported to *terra firma*. A roaring fire is kindled and supper is served; his honour then retires to enjoy his repose. At dawn of day they set out again; the men now and then relax their arms, and light their pipes; but no sooner does the headway of the canoe die away than they renew their labours and their chorus, a particular voice being ever selected to lead the song. The guide conducts the march. At the hour of breakfast they put ashore on some green plot. The tea-kettle is boiling; a variegated mat is spread, and a cold collation set out. Twenty minutes—and they start anew. The dinner-hour arrives. They put aground again. The liquor-can accompanies the provision-basket; the contents are quickly set forth in simple style; and, after a refreshment of twenty minutes more, off they set again, until the twilight checks their progress. When it is practicable to make way in the dark, four hours is the voyageurs' allowance of rest; and at times, on boisterous lakes and bold shores, they keep for days and nights together on the water, without intermission and without repose. They sing to keep time to their paddles; they sing to keep off drowsiness, caused by their fatigue; and they sing because the bourgeois likes it. Through hardships and dangers, wherever he leads, they are sure to follow with alacrity and cheerfulness—over mountains and hills, along valleys and dales, through woods and creeks, across lakes and rivers. They look not to the right, nor to the left; they make no halt in foul or fair weather. Such is their skill, that they venture to sail in the midst of waters like oceans, and, with amazing aptitude, they shoot down the most frightful rapids; and they generally come off safely.

Lieut. Hardy's adventures occurred within a much more limited range. He found ample occupation for his rifle within the pine-forests of Acadia, and his budget of reminiscences cannot but be very attractive to sportsmen at home, who will follow him eagerly in his narrative and share his excitements of the chase. The noblest game there sought is the moose; and compare with such sport as that described in the following passage the tameness of a battue in a preserve.

MOOSE HUNTING.

There are five methods by which moose may be hunted or killed in Nova Scotia, viz. creeping on them in the fall and winter, calling the bull moose in the fall, running them down on snow shoes in February and March, bringing to bay with dogs, and snaring. The first three are orthodox; the last two practices arrant poaching. The fall is the most enjoyable time for hunting the moose. The bull is, at this season, in his full vigour, and is truly a noble animal to behold. Adorned with massive antlers, and evincing a roaming, wild, and sometimes fierce disposition, there is more excitement attendant on shooting a bull moose in the fall than at any other time of the year. The delicious days and mild nights,

particularly during the Indian summer, are much preferable to the cold variable weather of the winter; while the science and woodcraft displayed by the Indian hunter in discovering and following a moose track, in places where, even by the closest scrutiny, the eye of the white man cannot distinguish the foot-print; and the delightful ease of walking in moccasins over the elastic carpeting of moss in the fir forests, and on the soft, moist, newly-fallen leaves in the hard woods, give to this season undeniable precedence. In the fall, too, additional sport may be obtained at night, and sometimes even during the day, by calling the bull moose. Most of the Indians, who make it their business to accompany the sportsman into the woods, are good hands at calling. The moose "call" is a trumpet, made by rolling a sheet of birch bark into a cone. No material has been found to equal birch bark for this purpose. Metal will not answer, producing a sound too shrill and ringing. The Indian commences to call at sundown, ceasing when it becomes dark, till moonrise; as a moose coming up, when there was not sufficient light to see along the barrels, would almost certainly escape. The very best time to call is towards morning—for an hour before dawn, and for a short time after daybreak. At this time moose appear to be less cautious, and more eager to answer the call, than they are in the early part of the night. In calling, the Indian and sportsman conceal themselves behind a rock or a clump of dwarf evergreens, on the edge of a barren, the Indian standing on the top of a rock, or sometimes climbing a tree, so as to give the sound of his call every advantage for diffusing itself through the surrounding forest. When an answer is obtained and the moose appears to be bent on coming up, the Indian either recedes or sends the sportsman some hundred yards or so in advance; or, should the animal hesitate on arriving in the neighbourhood of the caller, the Indian has a better chance of allaying the animal's suspicions by the apparent distance of the cow. The moose, hearing the call at a greater distance than he had expected, again advances, and, at a few paces, probably receives the fire of the sportsman. Nothing can be more productive of feelings of excitement than sitting, wrapped in blankets, on the edge of a forest-girt plain, the moon peering through mists of gently-falling dew and faintly illuminating the wild scene, now flashing on the white surface of a granite boulder, and then sparkling in the water of the swamp and on the bedewed mounds of moss and clumps of ground laurels. Nothing can be more exciting, when the wild notes of the Indian call, rending the calm air, have dispersed over the echoing forest, than the succeeding moments of listening for an answer. You scarcely believed your ears to have been capable of such exertion, if so it may be termed. And then, when far away, from over the hills and through the dense fir-forests, comes the booming answer of a bull moose; when you hear the distant crashing of branches, and the rattling the massive antlers against the trees; and when at length the monarch of the American forest emerges from the woods and stands snorting and bellowing on the open barren, his proportions looming gigantic through the hazy atmosphere—then does the blood course through your veins as it never did before; and, scarcely knowing what is about to happen, you grasp the ready rifle and crouch in the protecting bushes. It is hard to take precise aim by moonlight. Unless the bead on the barrel be of polished silver, it is advisable to chalk the end of the gun.

But hunters have gentle hearts. They know how to spare as well as slay. Lieut. Hardy tamed

A YOUNG MOOSE.

So tame was my young moose, that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs, backwards and forwards, for a piece of bread. He had a great penchant for tobacco smoke, which, if puffed in his face, would cause him to rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual. His gambols were sometimes very amusing. Throwing back his ears, and dropping the under jaw, he would gallop madly up and down on a grass plot, now and then rearing up on his hind legs, and striking ferociously with his fore feet at the trunks of trees, or anything within reach, varying the amusement by an occasional shy and kick behind at some imaginary object. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched, he would constantly be found, revelling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting fruit and flowers most indiscriminately. On being approached for the purpose of being turned out, the cunning little brute would immediately lie down, from which position, his hide being as callous as that of a jackass, he could be got up with difficulty. In the very hot days of summer, when he appeared to miss the cool plunge in the lake, which these animals, in their wild condition, always indulge in at this time of year, I continually caused buckets of water to be thrown over him. Some years ago, a tame moose, full grown, was in the possession of a person named Schultz, who keeps the eighteen-mile house from Halifax, on the Truro road, by the side of the Grand Lake. This animal had been, by great trouble, broken in to draw a sledge, which he did with great ease, and at a surprising pace. Being allowed to roam

about at large during the day, he would often swim across the Grand Lake to the opposite shore, about two miles distant, whence he would return at the sound of the conch, which is generally used in the interior of Nova Scotia to recall labourers from the woods. I believe he was finally sent to the States, where these animals, in a domesticated state, fetch high prices, exciting almost as great curiosity, though they are still occasionally found in the highlands of New York, as they would in England.

This was

MY FIRST MOOSE.

We turned into the woods at nearly the same spot that Williams and myself had done the day before, and soon found the fresh track of an immense herd of moose. According to the Indian's computation, there could not have been less than sixteen or seventeen moose in the yard. At length, thought I, I shall get a shot at a moose. After a short consultation, in Micmac, between the Indians, in which the word *teeam* (moose), accompanied by gesticulations and pointings, occurred frequently, the creeping commenced. Williams, carrying my rifle, took the lead; old Paul, directing me to step in Williams's tracks, followed with his rusty musket. The wind now blew steadily, and made melancholy music among the branches of the lofty hemlocks through which the chase led us, drowning the crackling of the frozen snow under our moccasins. Still, our utmost caution was necessary, for the fine ear of the moose will, even in a gale of wind, detect the snapping of the smallest twig, or any noise foreign to the natural sounds of the forest at a great distance. Now is the time to see the Indian in his element and on his mettle. See how his eyes glisten, as he bends down and scrutinises the tall, slender stem of a young maple, the red juicy top of which has been bitten off at the height of some nine or ten feet from the ground. Now he stoops and fingers the track, crumbling the lumps of snow dislodged by the huge foot, to tell the very minutes that have elapsed since the animal stood there. On we go, every foot stepping in the track of the leading Indian, our arms employed in carefully drawing aside the branches which impede our progress, and preventing the barrels of our guns from noisily contact with the stems or boughs of the trees. The dense shrubbery of stunted evergreens, through which we had been worming our way for the last twenty minutes, appeared to be getting thinner, and we were about to emerge into an open space, with clumps of young hardwood interspersed through a lofty grove of pines and hemlocks, when Williams suddenly withdrew his foot from a step which would have exposed him, and, stepped behind a young spruce, his excited face beaming with delight as he beckoned me to advance. There stood, or reposed, the stupendous animals in every variety of posture. Some were feeding, others standing lazily chewing the cud, and flapping their broad ears, now and then stooping to snatch a mouthful of pure snow. About fifty yards distant, in a clump of tall dead ferns and briars, stood a huge bull, with a splendid coat. Levelling at him, I discharged both barrels of my smooth bore, one at and the other behind the shoulder. He dropped, and the rest of the yard, discovering their foes, plunged off through the bushes, knocking over the dead trees in their way as if they had been nine-pins. Williams, thrusting my rifle into my hands, pointed to a fine cow, which was the hindmost of the retreating yard. I fired both barrels at her, as she showed herself in an open space between the trees, at about eighty yards distant. A slight stumble, and an increased acceleration in her speed, told us that she was hit. "I think we shall get the cow, Paul," said I, loading away. No sooner were the words out of my mouth, than the bull, which we thought to have been *hors de combat*, scrambling up, dashed off gloriously after the retreating yard on three legs. "Come along with me, Sir," shouted Paul; "Williams, you take gentleman's ride, and go kill cow." We dashed on at full speed after the bull, who was nearly out of sight, and was shaping his course, as a wounded moose always does, through the thickest covers of the bush. However, the poor brute left traces of his direction, which gave him little chance of eluding our pursuit, for the blood on the snow lay in a line nearly a foot in breadth. A few minutes brought us to where he had been standing to rest and listen, as a circular pool of blood on the snow indicated, and we presently caught a glimpse of him going gallantly up a steep hill about a hundred yards in advance. Several times I dropped on one knee and levelled; but the stems of the hemlocks were so broad and frequent, and my hand so unsteady, that before I could bring the barrels to bear on him, he was again out of sight. On arriving at the top of the hill, I was completely used up, as we had followed him at great speed for nearly half a mile. I had lost my cap, and powder-flask, bullets, and biscuits jolted out of my pockets in the frequent rolls-over which I had received, were lying in the snow at intervals between us and the spot where the chase commenced. However, we must persevere, for the blood had nearly ceased, and if he escaped in his present wounded condition he would die. As luck would have it, on entering a little barren we saw the moose standing at the other end, evincing no signs of wishing to make a fresh start. Shaking the snow out of the barrels and putting on fresh caps, I dropped him with one

ball, and, immediately advancing, I fired the second barrel at his head, aiming behind the ear. Down went his head into the snow, and with a convulsive quiver he stretched out dead.

Lieut. Hardy thus notes the

SAGACITY OF THE INDIANS.

It is truly wonderful to witness the sagacity, and unerring precision, with which the Indian hunter can trace his route from one spot to another, no matter how great the distance may be, through the most dense forests, and over the most rough and broken country. It does not signify whether he has travelled through the same country before or not; he knows the direction, and that is sufficient. In his native forests he is never at a loss; walks evenly and softly at all times, as if he were on the trail; seldom speaks, or makes a false step, or unintentionally breaks a branch. He quietly brushes through the dense copses, scarcely displacing the boughs; while his restless eye glances incessantly around, instantly detecting the slightest displacement of the moss or snow, a broken or bitten branch, or a moving object. Long practice is requisite to enable the white man to walk straight, even for half a mile, through the bush. At first he invariably deviates, thinking he is taking a straight course, and describes a circle, ending at the very spot whence he started. When there has been no sun, I have gone completely round, in a square half-mile. . . . In walking through a forest district for the first time, an Indian will carefully observe, and remember ever afterwards, every hill and valley, every grove of hardwood or evergreens, and the general "lie" of the country, with regard to irregularity of surface, the nature of timber growing on it, and the direction of the brooks running through it. Frequently when hunting with an Indian, in a country which he had only traversed once, and that years previously, he has shown his thorough knowledge of the ground by telling me what sort of country we were approaching. "Big birch woods on other side of hill; plenty good brouse for moose; I think he gone there." Very often, after a long stretch from camp in search of game, the sportsman tries, by recollecting the various directions and turnings in which he had been travelling during the day, to deduce, by a long geometrical problem, the direction in which the camp would lie. It becomes more and more puzzling, as he thinks over the intricate course he has been pursuing, and at last, out of curiosity, he asks the Indian. The Indian, at once, pointing derisively, says, "Camp lie there." In creeping on moose, too, the Indian displays a thorough knowledge of the method of working the "yard," which is incomprehensible to the white man. The hunter finds a fresh moose track. It appears to lead straight from him. Instead of following it up, as the white man would do, after examining the track and the surrounding bushes, and looking up to ascertain the direction and amount of wind, he probably strikes off through the bush in another direction. The sportsman thinks he has abandoned the chase, but does not ask. In a few minutes, the Indian brings him again upon the track of the same moose, evidently fresher by several hours, or perhaps a whole day, than the tracks which they had at first hit off.

Narrative of a Journey from Herant to Khiva, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. By Major JAMES ABBOTT, Bengal Artillery. (Second Edition, with considerable additions.) London: James Madden. 1855.

The interest now felt in everything relating to the interior of the Russian empire has called forth a second edition of this most valuable and excellent book of travel. The author has taken advantage of this to enlarge and revise his work. At the close of the second volume will be found several new chapters upon Russian politics, and in the preface a hope is expressed "that many blemishes have been corrected."

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Priest's Niece; or, the Heirship of Barnulph. By the Author of "Lionel Deerhurst." In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

My First Season. By BEATRICE REYNOLDS. Edited by the Author of "Counterparts," &c. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

Thorney Hall: a Story of an Old Family. By HOLME LEE, Author of "Maude Talbot." London: Smith, Elder and Co.

Paul Ferrol: a Tale. By the Author of "IX. Poems by V." London: Saunders and Otley.

Woman's Devotion: a Novel. In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Millicent; or, The Trials of Life. By the Author of "The Curate of Overton." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

An ancestor of the House of Barnulph, indignant at some ill-treatment by his sons, altered the succession of the estate, and gave it to the female heir. On his deathbed he poured forth a terrible

anathema, that woe and tribulation might be the portion of the male heir who should, by failure of females, or by stratagem, or from any other cause, inherit the fief of Barnulph.

Influenced by this superstition, each successive heir of the house spared neither money nor interest to confirm by legal measures the settlement of the old chief on the female line.

On this legend the story of *The Priest's Niece* is founded. Upon it the author has constructed a plot full of incident and interest. But with that our applause must end. The writing is not equal to the conception. It is singularly slovenly, as if the author had not taken the trouble to read and correct his manuscript after it was written. Nor are the characters very clearly drawn. They want individuality, and are only the shadows of certain classes that throng the shelves of the circulating library. This, however, will scarcely be looked upon as an objection by the multitude of novel-readers, who read for the story rather than for the writing; and in this respect *The Priest's Niece* is vastly superior to many novels, which in all other respects are infinitely superior to it. And yet it is probable that it may be more popular than its betters, for that single quality. When will our novelists learn how much of their success depends upon the plot, and how a good plot will cover a multitude of sins.

What is meant by "editing" a novel? Surely a work of art that needs to be corrected and revised by a professional artist can have small claims to regard. What could be said of a painter who should announce his picture as polished by the painter of "The Rescue," or of a composer who should advertise his sonata as corrected by the author of "Mary Blane." Yet it is equally absurd for the writer of a tale to put upon his title-page that it is "edited by" the writer of some other fiction. In truth, it is a proclamation of incapacity. If an author is not competent to write a story by his own genius, he cannot be made so by the eckerings and corrections, the excisions and interpolations, the blurs and blottings, of another pen. If the "editor" has little to do, he is simply an impertinence; if much, the result cannot be otherwise than patchwork, reflecting credit on neither of the producers, and very unpleasant to readers.

But we feel great doubt whether in fact the "editing" paraded upon the title-pages of these books in leading-strings is more than a make-believe. We suspect it to be in most cases nothing better than a puff. In some instances it has been worse than that—it has approached very nearly to a fraud. We can remember divers novels which were brought out and largely advertised as "edited by" some author of fame, in the advertisement and on the title-page the true author's name being suppressed, and the words "edited" placed in tiniest type, and the editor's name as large and prominent as is usually that of the author, inasmuch that nine persons out of ten assuredly mistook the work for that of the editor, and bought or borrowed it as such, nor did they discover the deception until the dullness of the book prompted to a closer investigation of the title-page. But then the object was obtained; the book had been bought. We have heard of moneys being paid, and, oh shame! received, by authors, for thus lending their names to be used for the purpose of entrapping the unwary. We believe we may take some credit to the Critic for having been instrumental in putting a stop to this trick. We ventured to expose and denounce it whenever tried, and however great the name under which it was practised. For that exposure the Critic earned the undying animosity of the parties engaged in the plot, and which has since shown itself in many shapes well known to the public. But we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the object was obtained; the scheme was abandoned.

The *First Season* is not obnoxious to the same censure as those to which we have alluded; for here the authoress prefixes her own name, and merely calls upon her friend to vouch for her. But even in this modified form the practice is one not to be approved. If Mrs. Reynolds's manuscript needed correction before publication, there was no need to tell the public who performed the office of correction. It can add nothing to the worth or interest of her book to know that the polisher of it was the author of some other book; nor can we discover any reason why she should parade the reviser of the manuscript more than the reader of the proofs at the printing-

office. Nay, the latter has performed a far more important duty, and should be entitled to the greater honour.

Turning from the unpromising title-page to the book itself, and we are obliged to say that the reason for the "editorial" prop becomes apparent. It could not stand upon its own merits. There is a certain amount of cleverness in it; but it has many faults not likely to be mended by practice. There is some lively description, and two or three lifelike portraiture—as that of Lady Ariye, the gentle and beautiful; and Lady Barras, a woman of the world. But the dialogues are without point, and the composition is extremely slipshod and slovenly. People do not talk in the manner they are made to speak here; or, if they do, it is not the business of the novelist to set down literally all their platitudes, inanities, and common-places. For instance, is the following artistic, even if true to nature: "Miss Reynolds, I would rather be a mad dog or a dead cat than an old maid."

Turning accidentally to the advertisement of this work in a list sewn into the volume, we are astonished to see it announced as being "by the author of 'Counterparts,'" &c., and the name of the real author, Beatrice Reynolds, appearing on the title-page, wholly omitted. What does this mean? An explanation is due to all equally—to the author whose name is now sent forth to the world as the producer of an inferior book; to the real author, who is deprived of whatever fame is justly due to her; and to the public, who are deceived by the mis-statement.

Thorney Hall is in every respect a production of a higher class. The story is sufficiently complicated to sustain the reader's interest; but it will be enjoyed much more for the excellence of the writing, which is always spirited, and sometimes even brilliant. No dialogue here is wasted and worthless; every sentence has a meaning and a purpose, and helps the progress of the story. The descriptive passages possess great power, and summon the scenes before the mind's eye with a vividness that fixes them in the memory as if they had been part of our waking existence. It is not a long story; one volume tells it, and one evening will suffice to read it. An autumn evening by the fireside, now so pleasant from its novelty, could not be more agreeably spent than with *Thorney Hall*.

Paul Ferrol is an original story, sustained with uncommon power. Paul had murdered his first wife, but his crime is concealed from the world; he marries again, has a child whom he dearly loves, prospers, takes a high and respected position in society, is unexceptionable in his conduct, a good husband, father, and citizen, surrounded with every source of happiness, wanting only a quiet conscience. At length retribution comes; an accident reveals the fact that his wife had been murdered by some person. A domestic who had been with her at her death was charged with the crime, tried, convicted, and condemned. Paul Ferrol would not permit an innocent person to be sacrificed for a crime of which he was guilty. He resolves to avow his guilt. With a courage worthy of a better man, he reveals to his wife his horrid secret, and delivers himself up to justice; but ultimately makes his escape from prison and disappears. This is the substance of the story; but other under-plots are judiciously mingled with it. The characters—especially that of Paul himself—are drawn with great subtlety; the conflict between remorse for the past, enjoyment of the present, and fear for the future, being painted by the hand of a true artist. We recommend it to our readers as a most agreeable change from the tameness and inanity which are characteristics of modern English fiction.

Woman's Devotion is a work of promise; with manifest faults of inexperience, it reveals capacities which cannot fail to grow with practice. The errors of the authoress are on the right side; her imagination is too exuberant and needs curbing. It must be corrected by larger knowledge of the world. This is a fault we have rarely occasion to find with English novelists, whose error is commonly too much tameness, a deficiency of imagination and invention, hardness of outline and dullness in description. It is really a pleasant change to turn from pages, of which the best that can be said is that they are faultless, to a work in which there are many faults, but which is never tame or "slow." The characters, or some of them at least, are impossible; the incidents improbable; but the former are instinct with life and admirably individualised, and the

latter rivet the attention in spite of their incongruities. The story is designed to contrast two ladies, of dispositions entirely opposite—the Lady Jane, proud, tyrannical, passionate; Nest, her daughter-in-law, gentle, submissive, enduring, with unbroken patience, injury and insult, and scarcely warming into indignation at a vile attempt made by her mother-in-law to produce, by a plot, her separation from her husband. In the end, however, this bad woman is brought, by sorrow and suffering, to a sense of her own wretchedness. She becomes gentle and good as Nest herself. This, indeed, is contrary to nature, for never is there such a total change of character as here depicted. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin. What we are to remain substantially to the end. By great self-command we may suppress expression, but we cannot annihilate the feeling. No person with such passions and vices as Lady Jane ever did or ever will become "the quiet heart" that Nest is represented. But the manner in which the tale is told is entitled to all commendation. It is written with rare spirit; the composition is much above the average; the dialogues are brisk and real; not a page is dull. Hence it is an extremely readable novel, and will interest more than many that are less open to critical objection. The authoress has, upon the whole, made a successful debut. Let her proceed with confidence, carefully correcting, writing slowly, well maturing her plots; cautiously drawing from the life, but tinging it with the hues of her own imagination, instead of drawing from the imagination entirely, and she will, we doubt not, achieve for herself a high place in the literature of fiction.

The materials of which the story of *Millicent* are composed are familiar to all novel readers—English novelists seem to be incapable of inventing anything new—but they are ingeniously recombined, so as to produce a tale of more than common interest. *Millicent* is a governess, lovely and clever, in a family where she is treated like a dependant by the mistress and her elder children, but stoutly defended by a rude but kind-hearted boy and a dear little girl. A young lord comes to the neighbourhood, upon inheriting the domains of a deceased father, who had died prematurely of drunkenness. He is invited to the family, who angle for him, or rather for his title, with one of the daughters; but, of course, he falls in love with the governess. Now begins a new series of *The Trials of Life*. He whispers his love into her ear, and receives the pledge of hers. Soon afterwards a quarrel occurs in "the family," the mistress accusing *Millicent* of having inveigled her son into a passion for her, and she fairly turns her out of doors. *Millicent* takes refuge with an old nurse, and thence goes into the family of a farmer, as a governess again. While there she receives a letter from her noble lover informing her that he had resolved not to marry, the reason for this sudden resolution being, that he had been informed, falsely, that his father had died insane, and he feared that he might be himself tainted with the malady. This fear and his blighted hope of love throw him into a brain-fever, from which he slowly recovers. The presence and voice of *Millicent* have restored him to consciousness, and ultimately to life. *Millicent* herself is discovered to be the heiress to a fortune and estate, which is given up to her by a not very probable series of events, and so all ends happily, according to custom.

But *Millicent* has the charm of liveliness. The story never drags; the dialogues are never dull; the descriptions are not tedious. There is life and spirit in it. The business goes on briskly and the reader is borne to the conclusion without weariness. Whoever begins will go through it to the end, and this is one merit in a fiction, if not the highest. It will be a safe book for the circulating libraries.

The Lion of Flanders; or, the Battle of the Golden Spurs. By HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. Translated from the Flemish. London: Lambert and Co. 1855.

The Miser; Ricketicketack: Two Tales of Modern Flemish Life. By HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. Translated from the Flemish. London: Lambert and Co. 1855.

THE novelist Hendrik Conscience has a reputation in Flanders analogous to that of Walter Scott in these kingdoms. His deep and perfect knowledge of his country, past and present, his thorough appreciation of the national characteristics of his countrymen, his lively fancy and graceful style, combine to make his works "household words" at every hearth in Flanders. Hitherto these works have been comparatively little

known in this country; but we entertain little or no doubt that the success of the volumes now before us will stimulate Messrs. Lambert into publishing a complete edition of them.

The *Lion of Flanders* is a tale founded upon that stirring period of Flemish history when the Counts of Flanders, assisted by the brave guilds of Ghent and Bruges, succeeded for a time in warding off the aggressions of the French monarchy. The reign of Philip le Bel and his wife, the cruel and haughty Joanna, is the exact period chosen. Count Robert de Bethune (better known as "the Lion of Flanders") is the hero of the tale. The brave front presented by this lion-hearted noble; the bold independence of the Flemish burghers, fitly represented by the stalwart Jan Breydel, dean of the Butchers; and the long-headed Deconinck, the leader of the Cloth-workers, give a chivalrous interest and vitality to the story, which makes the blood beat high within our veins, and reminds us of our first perusal of "Ivanhoe." Nor is the golden thread of passion wanting to adorn the woof. The lover of the fair Matilda, daughter of the Lion himself, and the young Count Adolf van Nieuwland, present that chequered picture of joy and sorrow (ending of course in the former unalloyed) without which a tale of knight-hood is as nothing. Few pieces of novel-writing with which we are acquainted can be compared to the splendid description of the Battle of Courtrai, which is the crowning crisis of the tale. At that desperately fought field (also known as the Battle of the Golden Spurs) the flower of the French chivalry fell before the bows and bills of the Flemish burghers, and the liberty of Flanders was gloriously maintained.

The *Miser* and *Ricketicketack* are, as the title-page imports, tales of modern Flemish life. The former portrays the character of a sordid wretch who attempts, at first by hypocrisy and afterwards by crime, to gain the wealth of a rich relative to the exclusion of the rest of the family, and who is eventually caught in his own snare. *Ricketicketack* is founded upon the not uncommon incident (in novels) of a foundling, who discovers that she has a rich father, and insists upon marrying the humble object of her early choice. The eccentric title is taken from the burthen of a song, whereby the father discovers his lost child.

Both volumes appear to be remarkably well translated; for they read with all the spirit and facility of originals.

The *Red Brick House*, by Mrs. Lynch (Johnstone and Hunter).—A domestic tale, prettily written, with a great deal of quiet pathos. The authoress has proved her competency for a larger work.

Everley: a Tale (Masters), is of the same class—a simple story of love sought and won, more smoothly told than is usually the permitted lot of lovers in fictions. *Everley* must be read for its writing, not for its story. The plot is almost nothing; but it abounds in graphic descriptions and lively dialogues, and the reader is attracted onward to the end by the pleasure he derives from the perusal of so much sound wholesome sentiment and sense.

Mrs. Boss's Niece, by the author of "Stories on Proverbs" (Mozley), is a short tale for children, inculcating a wholesome moral.

The Recruit: a Tale of the Present War. London: J. H. and James Parker. 1855.

This excellent and wholesome little story, illustrating the conversion of a young man of evil habits to religion and respectability by the trying influences of the battle-field, has become so popular that a second edition is demanded. The incidents of the present war, the battle of the Alma, and the sufferings of our wounded soldiers during the earlier part of the campaign, are used in the story with great skill and effect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paper and Paper Making, Ancient and Modern. By RICHARD HERRING. With an Introduction by the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D. London: Longmans. 1855.

As a monograph upon paper-making (a subject of great and increasing importance) this volume is useful and interesting. From the earliest and rudest expedients down to the choicest products of the splendid machine which the genius of Fourdrinier has perfected, every branch of the manufacture is exhausted and the processes are described in a manner which, though technically accurate, is nevertheless intelligible to the most unpractised reader. The papyrus, mulberry bark, and Chinese rice-paper naturally take precedence in point of antiquity. The last is not in reality rice-paper, or, indeed, any paper at all; but the "membrane of the bread-fruit tree, obtained by cutting the stem spirally round the axis, and afterwards flattening it by pressure."

Paper was probably first made in Europe about the commencement of the fourteenth cen-

tury. At that time mills were certainly to be found in Tuscany, and one was founded at Nuremberg in Germany, by Ulman Stromar, in 1390. Soon after, Venice became celebrated for the fineness and perfection of its paper fabrics. It is commonly thought that the manufacture first made its appearance in England in 1588, when Sir George Spielman, a German, established a paper-mill at Dartford. Mr. Herring assumes that mills must have existed before this date; because Shakspeare makes Jack Cade accuse Lord Say of having "built a paper-mill;" a process of reasoning which would compel us to believe in the existence of cannon in Denmark during Hamlet's time. A more reliable proof of an earlier date to the paper manufacture in England is a reference to one John Tate, who is stated in a book printed by Caxton in 1490 to have made paper before that time. Mr. Herring asserts that his mill was situate at or near Stevenage, in Hertfordshire. Be this as it may, it seems generally agreed upon that the manufacture did not attain any high degree of excellence until the middle of the eighteenth century, when James Whatman, of Maidstone, became celebrated in that branch of industry. Mr. Herring complains of the report of the Jury for Paper at the Great Exhibition of 1851, that it made a very grave misstatement respecting Whatman, to the effect that he gained his knowledge of the trade by working as a journeyman on the Continent. This is not the only misstatement chargeable against those documents, the inaccuracy and inelegance of which are a disgrace to that great international contest; but we do not think that in this case the deviation from truth is of importance, since Mr. Herring himself admits that Whatman did gain his knowledge abroad, though in the capacity of *attaché* in the suite of the British Ambassador to Holland.

The greatest stride, however, in the manufacture has certainly been the invention of the paper-making machine, which was originally due to the ingenuity of a French paper-maker named Didot, but which owes its present efficiency to the unceasing efforts and enterprise of Messrs. Fourdrinier. This firm, which was at one time at the head of the stationers and manufacturers of Great Britain, spent the whole of their capital in perfecting the invention; and it was only a few months ago that the surviving partner, Mr. Henry Fourdrinier died, leaving his family in such a state of destitution that a subscription list has been lately opened for the benefit of his family, and is headed by the proprietors of such journals and publications as have availed themselves most largely of his enterprise. Such is too often the fate of those whose labours are destined to work for the benefit of mankind. It is to the operation of our patent laws (which, while they remunerate in excess the inventors of trifling and ephemeral matters, deprive great inventive genius of its just reward), that this unfortunate state of things is attributable. The House of Commons had consented to extend the patent right of Messrs. Fourdrinier for fourteen years; but the House of Lords limited the term to seven, giving a promise of further extension, with a condition annexed, which the subsequent standing orders of the House rendered absolutely nugatory. Thus it is that the Fourdrinier family, after spending sixty thousand pounds in perfecting an invention which is of the greatest national benefit, are now literally beggars.

The importance of the step gained by the Fourdrinier machine in the manufacture of paper may be gathered from Mr. Herring's statement:—

The principle of paper-making by machinery is simply this: instead of employing moulds and felts of limited dimensions, as was originally the practice, the peculiar merit of the invention consists in the adoption of an endless wire gauze to receive the paper pulp, and again an endless felt, to which in progress the paper is transferred; and thus by a marvellously delicate adjustment, while the wire at one end receives but a constant flow of liquid pulp, in the course of two or three minutes we may have, carefully wound on a roller at the other extremity, the most beautiful and serviceable of fabrics. Instead of counting sheets in the course of production as formerly, or even measuring the length by yards, we may actually have the paper drawn out as it were, and wound up, miles in length. In the recent Dublin Exhibition a sheet was exhibited, which was said to have been of sufficient length to wrap round the world; but I must confess that I am not in a position to vouch for the accuracy of the statement.

It is a pity that such a plain and intelligible statement of a mechanical invention should

be disfigured by such a piece of romance as this wonderful sheet of paper. If Mr. Herring had taken a black-lead pencil, and a very small piece of paper, a simple calculation would have enabled him to vouch for the absurdity of this monstrous statement. Such a sheet of paper folded into a pile forty inches in length, and compressed so as to get two hundred layers within the thickness of an inch, would reach exactly three miles in height; or, supposing the pile to be one hundred yards long, would attain an altitude of one hundred and seventy-six feet! Surely, this was the sheet of paper upon which Baron Munchausen's celebrated travels were written.

The second and last chapters of the volume are devoted to a detailed description of the machinery for paper-making, to an historical account of water-marks, and to descriptions of the processes for glazing and sizing the various descriptions of paper. With some remarks upon the Excise Duty on Paper we cannot at all agree. It is very well to say, that because the duty is only about three-halfpence a pound it cannot materially affect the public. So far as books and expensive publications are concerned, that may be so; but in the case of newspapers, and especially cheap ones, the paper duty is a dead weight upon enterprise, and a serious stumbling-block to even the most successful publications. Not many pages further on, Mr. Herring informs us that the total amount of paper charged with Excise dues in 1854 amounted to 179,896,222 lbs, paying a duty of more than 1,180,000*l.*—no light burden upon this most indispensable medium for the dispersion of knowledge.

In a work exclusively devoted to the subject of paper, we should have expected something to be said about the important question of material. Beyond a few remarks upon Lord Derby's opinion that fibrous plants from the West Indies might be made serviceable, and an assertion that a great many substances have already been tried, this question is entirely avoided, and nothing whatever is said tending to get over this important difficulty about supply, which is creating alarm in the minds of those who are interested in the supply of paper in greater quantities than at present, and at, if possible, cheaper prices.

So far as the history and processes of paper-making are concerned, this book is accurate and useful; it is to be regretted, however, that the author has thought it necessary to indulge occasionally in speculations as much beyond his depth as out of the pale of his subject. Take, for instance, the following extraordinary passage upon the invention of the alphabet:—

Indeed, the invention of letters, and their various combinations in forming words, amounting, it is computed, to 620,448,401,733,289,439,360,000, without repeating any combination capable of being made from so small a number of letters as that now comprising our alphabet, has something so extremely ingenious and surprising in its application, that most men who have treated the subject can hardly forbear attributing it to a divine origin.

Doubtless this array of twenty-four figures (ascending to the denomination of hundreds of thousands of trillions) was intended to appear very imposing in the eyes of the reader; but to any one acquainted in the slightest degree with arithmetic the absurdity of the statement becomes manifest at once. In point of fact, the sum here set down is nothing but what is called factorial 24, and represents the number of words containing twenty-four letters each capable of being made out of an alphabet of twenty-four letters, no repetition of any letter being permitted. Factorial 26 (which is the number of letters in our own alphabet) is precisely 650 times that number. If, however, the capacity of an alphabet to construct words containing one, two, three, four letters, and so on, is to be ascertained, the result would be infinitely more enormous, especially if permutations, commutations, and possible repetitions are to be calculated. A very slight examination will prove this. The number of words of one letter each to be formed out of an alphabet of 26 letters is of course, 26; the number of words of two letters is 650; of three, 15,600; and of twelve, 4,626,127,192,320,000. This is assuming that there is no repetition. If repetitions are admissible, the increase is almost indefinite. It is not easy, however, to understand what collection of letters the author refers to when he speaks of "the invention of letters;" still less to comprehend the meaning of the very confused passage which we have italicised. The Phenician

alphabet, invented by Cadmus, had originally only fifteen letters; but ours has twenty-six; the Spanish twenty-seven; the Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian thirty-two; the Turkish thirty-three; the Russian forty-one; the Sanskrit fifty; and the Chinese two hundred and fourteen. What the number of combinations possible with such an alphabet as the last might be could, of course, be stated by figures; but would far excel the powers of the human understanding to realise.

Adventures of my Cousin Smooth; or, the Little Quibbles of Great Governments. By TIMOTHY TEMPLETON. London: Tweedie. 1855.

To understand this political squib (for it is nothing else) one must be a little better versed in American politics, American humour, American manners, and American diction, than we profess to be; still we understand enough to know that the author (whoever he may be who shelters himself behind the sobriquet of Timothy Templeton) is a satirist of no mean order, and that his production will be thoroughly enjoyed by those who are fortunate enough to be better off in this respect than ourselves.

Mister Solomon Smooth is intended for a type of "Young America." He starts upon his travels from Cape Cod; visits Washington; volunteers to circumnavigate the globe as General Pierce's envoy extraordinary; visits England and keeps his eyes open when there; and finally attends the Ostend Congress, from which, thoroughly disgusted, he returns to the "Model Republic" in a huff. The spirit of the satire may be gathered from the following rather severe reflections to which Smooth treats the President, *apropos* of his ordinary representatives in Europe.

"Now, General!—and this I would were held strictly confidential between ourselves—when I got on the other side of the water (here I gave him a nudge he understood), being your minister in general, I naturally fell in and associated with your ministers in particular; and such a lot they were! I couldn't trust my virtue in the company of one of them: albeit, in their company, you were sure not to get into decent society. Foreign victims of misgovernment had long viewed America as a land from which came the plain unostentatious gentleman of sense; his example to tyrant rulers shed new light on the hopes of a liberty-loving people. How sad to think that they had of late been so grievously disappointed! They see only men of coarse manners, and low of bringing up, assuming the democrat while aping the snobism of the aristocrat."

Judging from this, and other passages, the author,

if an American, is by no means an enthusiastic admirer of many institutions connected with the "great country."

How to Detect Adulteration in our Daily Food and Drink (Groombridge and Sons).—A compendious little manual, intended as a sort of corollary to Dr. Hassell's more elaborate work. Those necessities and luxuries of life, which are understood to be most liable to adulteration, are here arranged alphabetically, the methods of adulteration stated, and simple formulae for detecting the fraud given.

Mind your Stops! Punctuation made plain and Composition simplified, for Readers, Writers, and Talkers (Groombridge and Sons).—The want of uniformity in punctuating English composition renders these pages excessively useful. Well may the writer of them say that—"A compositor's blunder has ruined many a finely-turned passage, both in poetry and prose;" but how often does the blunder arise, not from the compositor's, but from the writer's own ignorance of the commonest principles of punctuation. Great writers profess to despise punctuation, and hold it to be a mere mechanical process, fit only to be performed by the readers of the printing-office. But how often does the very meaning of a sentence depend upon the accurate placing of a comma or a colon? How may a misplaced hyphen or note of interrogation mar the choicest passage of reasoning or eloquence?

Courtenay's Dictionary of Abbreviations (Groombridge and Sons).—In this very cheap and useful little pamphlet all those mysterious signs and signals which are apt to puzzle the unwary under the title of abbreviations, are collected and arranged alphabetically. To those who are occasionally at a loss to know the meaning of V.D.M. and F.R.C.S.I. we heartily recommend Mr. Courtenay's Dictionary.

Catalogue of Books chiefly in the Oriental Languages (Trübner and Co.).—To those who are interested in the study of Oriental languages we can give no better advice than to give an occasional glance through the well-arranged pages of Mr. Trübner's catalogue. Printed books in no less than forty-one of the Eastern languages are here classified and priced.

On Caries of the Teeth, and the Cure of the Tooth-ache without Extraction. By DONALDSON MACKENZIE. (London: John Churchill. 1855.)—A reprint of papers which have already appeared in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, upon the causes and remedies of diseases of the teeth.

Administrative Reformers, What have they done? A Letter to Samuel Morley, Esq. (London: Effingham Wilson. 1855.)—A pamphlet *de omnibus rebus*, and the Administrative Reform Association in particular; charging its members with inactivity, and

urging a very sweeping scheme of reform with far greater zeal than discretion.

The 5th vol. of *De Foe's Works*, now publishing in "Bohn's British Classics," contains "The History of the Plague;" "The Storm of 1793;" and "The Trueborn Englishman." The first is one of the most thrilling narratives ever written. Who that reads can bring himself readily to believe that it is almost entirely a fiction? This great novelist had the faculty of making his fictions so like truth that the difficulty of all who read them is to be convinced that they are *not* true. This is the triumph of art; and "The History of the Plague," apart from its intrinsic interest, will be ever valued as the proof of a true artist's power. We know not if "The Storm" is equally a product of the imagination, but it is equally powerful in its descriptions. At least it had its foundations in fact; the author has only added some embellishments.

The seventh part of *The Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England* is devoted to the county of Suffolk. It contains accurate descriptions, illustrated by many engravings, of the churches and other mediæval buildings of that county. To all who are connected with it, as well as to all interested in antiquities, this will be a welcome publication.

Mr. George Emerson has sought to meet the public demand by a hastily written account of *The Fall of Sebastopol* (Routledge), which will serve till others more authentic can be produced.

Fulcher's Ladies' Pocket-Book is well known for its charades and poetry. Although its editor has lately died, it is continued for the benefit of his family, and there is no falling off in any department.

The Report of the Crimean Army Fund is a curious document. It shows what private benevolence can accomplish. This spontaneous gift of the nation to the suffering army amounted in money to 10,000*l.*; in articles of necessity and luxury to an incalculable quantity. We give a few specimens: 388 dozen of port wine; 576 dozen of brandy; 15,000 lbs of cheese; 18,750 lbs of sugar; 12,000 lbs of tea; 30,000 lbs of tobacco; and 14,400 pipes to smoke it withal. A list of the donors is appended.

Trübner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature. (London: Trübner and Co. 1855).—The reading public ought to feel itself very deeply indebted to Mr. Trübner for this most useful and convenient little manual. Here is a catalogue *raisonné* of American literature, a classified list of all the best books published within the union, with name of publisher and price affixed to each. The catalogue is prefaced by some well-written chapters upon the present state of literature and the publishing trade in America. Altogether, a more useful volume as a work of reference we have not for a long time seen.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE Wisdom of Russia! We are not about to inflict upon the benevolent reader an article on politics and our views of the Eastern question, but to assert that, in a literary and educational point of view, Russia has many claims to attention, and that, if she has exhibited her wisdom in cultivating the sciences that appertain to the art of war—copying the best systems, and availing herself of the best instructors—she has no less shown her wisdom in her cultivation of the arts of peace. Russia has attempted more towards the education of her subjects, from the reign of Peter the Great downwards, than perhaps has any other European State. Under Peter and Catherine a number of schools and colleges were founded. The policy of Paul would appear as if it had been inimical to that of his predecessors, and to a certain extent it was so. He proscribed the use of printing-presses, and established a censorship of the most rigorous kind. He forbade the importation of foreign books, except under certain regulations, and the express sanction of the authorities. His legislation with regard to books and education was needlessly tyrannical. His subjects of Courland and Livonia were forbidden to send their sons to Germany to be educated, under the pretext that dangerous principles were inculcated in that country. But Paul was rather crazy in the head, and had great terror of the French revolution. The principle of popular instruction was only slightly deranged by his vagaries. The man who legislated respecting badges, plumes, batons, ribbons, the cut of a coat, or the shape of a hat, might be temporarily annoying, but not permanently obstructive. His successor, Alexander, besides exempting the clergy from corporal

punishment, reduced the rigours of the censorship, and allowed a freer importation of books. He established military schools, and also schools for general education, subject, indeed, to Government control, but still schools. The Universities, some of which he endowed, were exempted from the restrictions placed upon the schools; but the members of the colleges were held responsible for their writings. The late Emperor Nicholas was friendly to education among his subjects, and was the patron of the arts and sciences. Of course, everything with respect to education and literature was carried out according to Russian views and Russian policy; but the intention to do good was present. With respect to education, it may be observed that every Government has its own view of that which is best adapted for its people. The Russian system of education may be inferior to that of Prussia, and both may be inferior to that of England, but there it is. On the aggregate of its population there may be more uneducated people than in any European country; but it should be borne in mind that three-fourths of this population is nomadic and beyond the reach of any system, or any battalion of school-masters. It has been asserted, however, by those who know Russia, that in the large towns, such as Moscow, the proportion of the educated and well-informed to the ignorant is far higher than in any town of Great Britain, London and Edinburgh not excepted. It has been, moreover, the policy of the later sovereigns of Russia to make large collections of works of art, to establish museums, to increase the volumes of the public libraries, and to encourage translations of the best foreign authors into the Russian tongue. All this must tend to the production of a Russian literature in time. Already

the public must be familiar with the names of several Russians who have distinguished themselves as original novelists, poets, and historians. The poet, indeed, must not sing too loud, and the general writer must not enter the forbidden realm of politics, or, if so, with caution; but both have still room enough to exhibit talent and genius, and to prove to the world that they have the strength and instinct of the eagle, to soar, were they permitted the full use of their wings. It is more than possible that we entertain many very exaggerated notions respecting what we term Russian barbarism.

There are many extensive libraries in Russia, more extensive perhaps than well-selected, but into which the student has no great difficulty of procuring admission. Many of the episcopal and conventual libraries, too, are rich in ancient Slavonic manuscripts and Greek manuscripts of the Lower Empire. Russia would have been richer still in these literary treasures of antiquity, but for the Tartar invasion in the first instance, and the Polish occupation in the second, when these model men of liberty not only burnt and slew, but took a fiendish delight in destroying works of art, books, and manuscripts, especially if they were in Greek. The centre of Russia Proper, above all, was, and still is, rich in literary treasures. In the company of Dr. Julius Altmann, we shall visit the convent of the Holy Trinity—*Troizkoi Monastyr*—eight-and-sixty *vrests* distant from the ancient metropolis. We were here once before, when we gave, upon our return, account to our readers of the "Golden Sentences of Fit Arari, the Abyssinian." Upon the present occasion we were introduced to a modern Plato, from whose pages, albeit they were dry and sallow, we quaffed

cups of wisdom, Dr. Altmann's German recommending the quality. This Plato, whose family name was Leveschin, had a great fancy for collecting sentential poetry, aphorisms, maxims, proverbs, wise saws, and such like. He went into every oriental garden to gather his flowers. The languages of Turkey, Arabia, Persia, Abyssinia, and those of the peoples inhabiting the southern shores of the Mediterranean, the borders of the Sahara, and the sources of the Nile, were all familiar to him. He gathered from every eastern classic, and much, no doubt, from tribes to whom the art of writing is still unknown. The result of his labours was a collection comprising more than twenty volumes, which he entitled *Gnomologisches Buch*, that is, "Gnomonological Books, or Books of Proverbs." He gives, in general, the names of the authors, Turkish, Persian, and Arabian, from whom he quotes; but we shall not distract the attention of the general reader, by quoting after him such unpronounceable names as Dschelaleddin Rumi, Evhadbein Enveri, Rokneddin Kobaji, &c. We turn at once with Dr. Altmann to Book the Eleventh, a collection of Arabian sentences, maxims, proverbs, and sayings, called *Mudrost wostotschnaja*, the "Wisdom of the East;" and now, without farther preface, we shall give a few examples of Eastern wisdom, selecting at random.

If it is thy belief, O my son, that the garden of Eden is guarded by lions, let it be thy sole endeavour here below to learn to combat these lions. . . . Despise not the poor. Even in the humble flint sleep the warm sparks which may light up the night. Make thee, O rich man, rather as a steel to the stone, and entice the slumbering sparks out of it. . . . When the angel of the Lord would look into thee as into a mirror, be then thy soul pure as the sources of the Nile, not as the slime of the dwindled river. . . . Cast not away the crystal thou mayest chance to find, because ye went forth to seek for diamonds. . . . Look upon the world as a glasshouse, then be a sun and penetrate it. . . . Make thy home, O my son, in the breast of purity, even as the nightingale builds her nest in the branches of the rose-tree. . . . Make not thine enemy thy physician, nor thine adversary thy cook. . . . When thou wilt discharge the arrow of truth, first dip its point in honey. . . . The blind praise not the glitter of the diamond, nor the deaf the sound of the cymbal. . . . If sorrow is an arrow, touch not the string of the bow. . . . Eat in the oasis, fast in the desert. . . . Wouldst thou go a hunting, leave not the flint (*fusil*) at home. . . . To heat the iron is nothing; thou must also bring it to the anvil. . . . Cast not dates before the animal accustomed to thistles. . . . Bite not the finger which puts honey into thy mouth. . . . Shoot not thine arrows against Heaven, for they will never reach the head of Allah. . . . Send the fool to the Sultan, and he shall be grand-vizir; send the wise man to him, and his head shall fall.

We need hardly direct attention to the correspondence of some of these eastern proverbs with some of our own. To the proverb, "Seest thou the stone, then thou mayest know the mountain," we may liken the saying, "Every tree is known by its fruit." Again: "The naked man spurned the naked man. Shame to thee, said the one to the other." This resembles the "pot calling the kettle black." But now to both eastern proverbs and their western parallels we must put an end.

When Alexander Dumas writes the world must read, but with this singularity, that his fictions are sometimes accepted as facts, and his histories as fables. Lately he has delighted his readers with a new book, delightful as it is new—*Les grands hommes en robe-de-chambre* (Great Men in their Dressing-gowns). He intends a series of historical portraits of great men, when the crown is laid on the cushion, the mantle in the wardrobe, the mace beneath the table; when the jewels are replaced in the shrine, and all the outward marks of rank and station are removed from sight—beginning with Henry IV. His design is to place before us the private life of public men, famous in their day and generation. Could we trust all he says of Henry, never was more engaging biography written; but Alexander quotes no authority, assigns no dates, and leads us to the inference that some of the anecdotes are of his own coinage. In Henry's case he begins at the beginning—or, indeed, before the beginning—telling of Henry's mother Joan; and ends at the end—indeed, after the end, telling of the execution of Henry's assassin. In the way some good things are told of Sully, wise counsellor and brave warrior. But the strongest man has his weakness. Sully was too fond rather of a cup of wine. One day when the King was standing on

his balcony, he saw Sully approaching. While the latter was greeting the King he almost toppled over. "Oh," said the King to his attendants, "don't let that surprise you. If the greatest toper among my Switzers had as many chopins in his head as he has now, he would measure his length upon the ground." Henry's last day is told with a circumstantiality that distances all history. The tragedy, act the first, opens with the prayers of the Queen and a recital of her dreams. Act the second, an ominous-looking man lurking in a gateway, "willing to wound but yet afraid to strike" at that instant. Act the third, the open carriage, the obedient yet inquisitive coachman, the various stoppages, and the ominous man still dodging the royal carriage. Act the fourth, royal irresolution, the pretty Paulet or the Arsenal—scene, the Ferronnerie; booths and stalls each side the road; date, the 14th May 1554. Much buying and selling going on; much lying on part of both vendor and purchaser. King proceeds. Act the fifth: scene, a hay-cart and wine-cart which block up the way. The King descends from his coach.

At this instant several persons were collected between the coach and the booths. Among them there was a man, bearing on his left shoulder a mantle, under which he concealed a knife. The King had turned his head to the right. He spoke with Epemon, to whom he had just given a paper. His right arm lay on the neck of the Duke, his left on the shoulder of the Duke of Montbazou, who had turned his head aside, that he might not hear what passed between the Duke d'Epemon and Marshal de Lavaradin. "When we return from the arsenal," said the King, "I shall show you the plan which Desceure has drawn up for the march of my army. You will be as satisfied with it as if I had done it; for —" Here he broke off, and exclaimed, "Oh! I am wounded!" He then added, "It is nothing." At the same instant, however, he uttered rather a sigh than a cry, and the blood issued in thick drops from his mouth. "Sire!" exclaimed Epemon, "recommend yourself to God!" The King could still hear these words; for he folded his hands and turned his eyes towards heaven. But instantly his head fell upon the shoulder of the Duke. He was dead. Thus it happened. The man in the mantle had seized the moment when the sole foot-servant of the King had stooped to tie his garter. He then slipped between him and the carriage, stretched his arm over the wheel, and gave the King two stabs. He would have given him a third had not the Duke de Montbazou caught him by the sleeve of his doublet.

An account of the fearful execution of Ravallac closes this interesting little book. We can only repeat, however, that we should be well contented to know, without much effort or inquiry, when the author is drawing upon history, and when he is drawing upon his own bank of inventions.

The world of legend is not yet exhausted. Collections are still being made of tales that amused or terrified past generations. The scholars and antiquarians of Northern Europe have made their separate collections. Thiele has illustrated the "folk-lore" of Denmark, Fay that of Norway, and the brothers Grimm have done much for Germany in general. Various writers have published the legendary lore of France. Spain and Italy, so far as we know, are still unrepresented, while single towns, such as Hamburg and Lyons, have had all their ghost stories, tragedies, traditions, duly set forth. The last example of this kind of literature is the *Strasburgische Geschichten*, &c. ("Tales and Legends of Strasburg.") Strasburg, as a frontier town, is just the place where we should expect to find a mass of traditions and legends, partly fact and partly fable. Whether the anonymous author of the present collection has made proper discrimination between the true and the false may be a question; but nevertheless he has given us an interesting volume. The devil has his due share of notice; but his adventures are not always duly appreciated. In 1553 a stranger came to Strasburg, and asked permission to print an account of an accident which had happened to the Devil in a neighbouring village. After deliberation long and grave, the council came to a determination, which was registered in their minute-book thus:—"The burgomaster reported that a person had arrived who had written a history of what had happened to the Devil at Schiltach, and who demanded permission to print it. Seeing that there is no utility in such a work, he is enjoined to reflect on the matter, and not to print it here, inasmuch as we wish to have nothing to do with the Devil." This was, in sooth, very ungracious on the part of the Burgomaster and his council. Of the horrible

we have a fair specimen in the story entitled "The End of the Baron von Eckwersheim."

One day the Baron von Eckwersheim was in his bath, tranquil and without thinking of evil; but treason lurked without. When he quitted the bath he left the room, wrapped in a long robe, according to the custom of the period. But scarcely had he placed foot in the next apartment when his enemy stood before him; the nobleman Anton von Wilsperg, with a blow of his sword, cut off both hands of the unfortunate man, who, in his surprise, had stretched forth his arms. The gentleman fled. Bleeding and mutilated Herr Johann returned home, reeling and thinking of vengeance. For many long years he pursued the Baron von Wilsperg, but could never meet in with him in such manner as to be master of him. Year succeeded year, and he must die at last an old man, without being able to avenge himself. But when he felt his end approaching Herr Johann extended his two mutilated arms, and summoned the Baron von Wilsperg, who had never wished to measure himself against him in this world, before the tribunal which was to judge him in the Valley of Jehosaphat; there, at least, he ought to appear, to answer for himself, and without power of escaping the Divine justice. Upon this his soul took flight. The same day suddenly died at Saverne the Baron Anton von Wilsperg, grand episcopal judge. And the news of this meeting, which the Baron von Eckwersheim had given him in dying, before the tribunal of God, was immediately known at Saverne, and all over the country.

We reserve a notice of M. Guizot's little book—*L'Amour dans le mariage, étude historique*—for a subsequent number, as well as Louis Ulbach's *Suzanne Duchesin*, a third edition, which, anticipating many next year's readers, bears the date 1856.

Foreign Books recently published.

(Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.)

FRENCH.

Les beaux-arts à l'Exposition universelle de 1855. M. du Camp. Paris. 8vo. 3s.
Bibliothèque romane de la Suisse, &c. (A collection of pieces in the Romance of eastern Switzerland, with translations and philological notes.) Vol. I. Lausanne. 18mo.
Histoire de l'administration monarchique en France, depuis l'avènement de Philippe-Auguste jusqu'à la mort de Louis XIV. A. Chénel. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 12s.
L'homme de lettres. Dédie à la Société des gens de lettres. A. Weil. Paris. 12mo. 1s.
La Hongrie, son génie et sa mission. Etude historique, suivie de Jean de Hunyad, révolté du 13ème siècle. Charles Louis Chassin. Paris. 8vo.
Mémoires d'un suicidé. Maxime du Camp. Paris. 16mo.
Mémoires et correspondance du Marquis de Courcelles, publiés d'après les manuscrits, avec une notice, des notes et les pièces justificatives. Paul Pongin. Paris. 16mo. 4s.
Nili et Danube. Souvenirs d'un touriste. Egypte, Turquie, Crimée, Provinces danubiennes. J. D. de Bois-Robert. Paris. 8vo. 7s.
Les ossements humains des cavernes et de l'époque de leurs dépôts. Montpellier. 4to.
Recherches expérimentales sur la transmission croisée des impressions sensibles dans la moelle épinière. E. Brown-Séguard. Paris. 8vo.

GERMAN.

Aus der Gegenwart, &c. (The Present Day: a Romance). T. Koenig. 2 vols. Leipzig. 8vo. 4s.
Briefe, &c. (Letters on Humboldt's Cosmos. A commentary on this work for common people). B. Cotta. Hamburg. 8vo. 7s.
Die Hellenen in Skythenlande, &c. (The Hellenes in Scythia. Contributions towards the geography, ethnography and history of the commerce of antiquity). K. Neumann. Vol. I. Berlin. 8vo. 7s.
Portugal und seine Colonien, &c. (Portugal and her colonies in 1854.) J. Baron de Minutoli. 2 vols. Stuttgart. 8vo. 14s.
Der Reichthum des Himmels (The wealth of the skies. A succinct review of the astronomical discoveries made during the first half of the nineteenth century). S. G. Meisel. Altenburg. 8vo.
Romantische Märchen und Sagen (Romantic tales and legends). L. Bechstein. Altenburg. 8vo. 3s.
Der Russische Hof, &c. (The Court of Russia from Peter the Great to Nicholas I.) M. J. von Crusenstolpe. Vol. I. Hamburg. 8vo. 3s.
Ueber das Albanische, &c. (The Albanian Language and its parental relations to other languages.) F. Böpp. Berlin. 4to. 4s.
Wanderungen nach Südosten. (Wanderings in the South East. Part I.—The Crimea.) A. T. von Grimm. Berlin. 8vo. 3s.

ITALIAN.

Della Crimea, del suo commercio e dei suoi dominatori. M. G. Carale. Genova. 8vo.
Istorie Italiane del Secolo XIII., narrate colla scorta della Divina Commedia. Pier Ambrogio Curti. Milano. 8vo.
Biografie dei Dogi di Venezia, scritte dal Emanuele Cavaliere. Clegna, &c., with 120 portraits. Venezia. 4to.
Considerazioni fisico-fisiologiche esplicative del estasi umana. Genova. 8vo.
Glanavele, ovvero i Valdesi del Piemonte, storia del secolo XVI. narrata da Vincenzo Albarello. Vol. III. Torino. 8vo.
Storia di Milano di Bernardino Cario, ridotta a lezione moderna. colla vita, &c. Egilio de Magri. Milan. 8vo.
Studi sulla Divina Commedia di Galileo Galilei, Vincenzo Borghini. Firenze. 8vo.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Oct. 29.

THE literary world of Paris is still dull, though not quite inanimate; in addition to the current works which find their way to the public through the regular press, something of a more exciting nature is now and then thrown up, nobody knows how, in the shape of an attack on the Government, or rather upon the Emperor. These effusions are, however, written in a spirit so outrageous that they defeat themselves by their ignoble violence, the long tirades of coarsest abuse standing in lieu of argument. The writers deal in accusations of the most revolting description. The Emperor is charged with every crime in the catalogue of offences, his assassination being advocated with strenuous earnestness; and the citizen who reaches the tyrant's heart is promised immortality, as the avenger of wronged and insulted France. It is supposed that these miserable publications find their way hither from Belgium. But they might be admitted openly without the slightest injury to the government, so utterly are they incapable of exciting any sentiment save contempt. In fact, if the writers of these insane productions aimed at making the object of their hatred popular, they could scarcely resort to means likely to be more effectual, for the revolution they openly propose to bring about has for its object "punishment for the guilty, and rewards for the faithful who have suffered for their country"—words which may fairly be construed to mean murder and confiscation. The first duty they propose for regenerated freedom in France is to revolutionise Europe, and declare war against monarchical institutions wherever they exist. What must be thought of the intellects of those to whom such views are seriously addressed? As for the writers, a cell in Charenton would seem the most appropriate asylum and punishment.

Enough, however, of these revolutionary pamphlets; let us now turn to something more worthy the attention of your readers.

A remarkable work of Count Jules de Laborde has just been published at Renouard's: *Athènes aux 15e, 16e et 17e siècles*. The nature of the subject is well calculated to interest the antiquarian, the historian, and philosopher. What was the condition of the city of Pericles, while Papacy was tottering on its throne beneath the attacks of Luther, while the Turks were planting the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia, and the discoveries of Columbus and Gutenberg were commencing that revolution which is yet in progress?

With the reign of Justinian commences the gloom under which the history of Athens is buried, and which not even the civilisation of the nineteenth century can be said to have dispelled. Before the War of Independence commenced, the Greeks had at least a sentiment of their own degradation. All your intelligent readers know the song in which a patriotic palmar deplored the hard fate of the mother country, famous of old for its race of philosophers—now for its breed of asses.

Ο Αθήναι πτωχύνει
Εἰς τὸν κόσμον ἔκτανυσται
Πῶτα ἱερῆς διαπάλης
Τῆς σφίγης γυνάδου.

The breed of γυνάδες never was more flourishing than under King Otho's rule; but the infatuated descendants of the "well-greaved Achæans" fancy themselves in a fair way to regain the fair fame they enjoyed in the days of paganism. As far as the "civil and social state" of Athens in the fifteenth century is concerned, M. de Laborde's volume contains little to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. In an archaeological point of view, however, he gives interesting details touching the state of the monuments at that period. M. de Laborde gives facsimiles of a description of the "Monuments of Athens," written by a Greek, probably an inhabitant of Constantinople, to serve as a "guide-book" for other tourists of the day, and of some drawings which were kept at the Barberini Library. The manuscript, however, is authentic, and the drawings are but copies of the originals, which no longer exist, made by an architect of the name of San Gallo, whose execution of his task M. de Laborde pronounces to be by no means satisfactory. The manuscript, on the other hand, is tolerably accurate, but displays the ignorance of the author with the history of his country. These two documents are, however, unique. They were drawn up some time before the Turkish Conquest, and it is easily understood that in the disturbance which necessarily followed, the degenerate inhabitants, who found not even one of their number to chronicle the miseries they endured during the conquest, did not give themselves up to the study of archaeology. One Nicholas Gerbel, who published at Basle in 1550 a book entitled "*Pro declaratione picture sive descriptionis Græciæ libri septem*," quaintly deplores the fallen state of the city—"O rerum humanarum mirabiles vices! Civitas olim muris, navalibus, ædificiis, viris, florentissima, in oppidulum seu potius vicum reducta est"—but gives no information on the subject. Lauremberg, writing four years later,

is also pathetic on the subject of the fallen fortunes of Greece: "*Fuit quondam Græcia, fuerunt Athenæ. Nunc neque in Græciâ Athenæ, neque in ipsâ Græciâ Græciæ est.*" This description of Athens is mere compilation, and, however interesting it may have been in 1554, three hundred years later it cannot venture to enter the lists with Murray's Handbooks. During the seventeenth century Athens became rather more accessible; the travels of Spon, the Marquis de Nointel, Deshayes, and Lord Arundel's missions, are all compiled with great care, and with all the zeal and affection, as it were, which only an antiquary can feel for such a task. The mutilation of the works of Phidias and Ictinus underwent at the hands of Morosini and the Venetians are also pointed out with scrupulous fidelity, by M. de Laborde, who, by the help of photographs, gives his readers a most vivid idea of those wonders of ancient art upon which he writes so well.

The *Débats*, in an article devoted to a review of the topographical department of the Great Exhibition, laments the taste of the public for cheap literature, light literature, and bad novels; not, as might be expected, on the grounds that the public taste and moral tone is vitiated by the quantity of trash—and worse than trash—which the lower classes eagerly devour, in the absence of any better literary pabulum; but, forsooth, because this "cheap and nasty" system of publishing bad works spoils the printers, and they are no longer capable of producing those topographical wonders, which, he asserts, used formerly to issue from the presses of Dido, Renouard, and other great French publishers. Now, seeing that the printers whose names he mentions continue to produce every year beautifully got-up editions of the classics, of old French authors, and have never made themselves obnoxious to his reproach of publishing "light literature, cheap books, and bad novels," his lament on the "decline and fall" of the glories of French printing strikes us as a gratuitous grumble from a *laudator temporis acti*. What is indeed to be deplored is the absence of authors such as Dickens and others in England, to avail themselves of the growing taste for reading among the million, to counteract the evil influence of the "reprobates," who at present have it all their own way; for, however licentious their writings may be, they are at least amusing; while moral literature is carefully protected from the "aura popularis," which it ought to court, by dullness and high prices.

Besides, there seems no doubt but that a reaction is taking place, which, sooner or later, must have some influence upon the great mass of readers. An enterprising bookseller, M. Jeannet, has undertaken a publication of the old French authors, forming a collection somewhat ambitiously termed *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*. The price of the volumes, without being very high, is sufficiently so to give the publisher a profit, and yet enable him to edit and get up the works in a very neat style; and the success of the speculation proves that the cheap novels have not corrupted public taste to the degree the *Journal des Débats* imagines.

The last of these Elzevirian publications is a reprint of the works of a poet whose name the greater part of your readers, in all probability, now see for the first time—"Roger de Collerye." He lived at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century—a period when the French language was, so to speak, in a transition state—when, if it had not yet attained that clearness and precision which at present distinguishes it, retained all that poetry of expression which bore the impress of its motley origin. A great admirer of Marot, he had most of his faults, and with some of his qualities others peculiar to himself. Were it my purpose to write a "slashing article" against the manner in which M. d'Hericault has edited poor Collerye, his shortcomings would justify the utmost severity. M. d'Hericault represents poor Collerye as a merry sort of *bon vivant*—very selfish, a decided votary of Bacchus, and, on the whole, disposed to take times as they went and make hay while the sun shone. Now it strikes me as an impossibility to read through Collerye, without becoming painfully convinced of the bitterness of his smile, and that his gaiety is but a mask much too transparent to conceal the real state of his feelings.

Love is his favourite theme, and the reserve with which he treats a subject which at that period invariably was made the pretext of licentiousness, both in prose and verse, is rather remarkable. In his *Dialogue d'une dame fort amoureuse d'un sien amy*, he lays down the law that "respect" is the first qualification of a lover; in fact, he has a great deal of Petrarcha in the tenderness and delicacy which pervade his amorous effusions, as you may see from the following specimen of his style:—

L'ardant amour bien souvent me transporte
En certain lieu, en regardant la porte
Et la maison où demeure ma mie;
Mais de heurter à l'huys je n'ose m'ye,
De peur des gens, par quoy je m'en déporte.

Notwithstanding the respect he professes for woman-kind in general, the "lorette" and "unfortunate" class he treats with great severity; describing them as "affectées, pipeuses, trichereuses," and "grandes pecheresses qui trompent le sexe masculin." Collerye, however, was destined to die a miserable death. His

friends and patrons died, and it is harrowing to follow in his verses the progress of want and the long course of suffering and privations which brought him to his grave. Hunger and thirst he bore patiently; but the bitter cold of the winter was the most cruel of those three terrible enemies. Collerye, whom the editor of his works describes as an "*Epicuri de grege porcus*," died of want in 1540. *Et voilà comme on écrit l'histoire!*"

AMERICA.

Out-doors at Idlewild; or the Shaping of a House on the Banks of the Hudson. By N. PARKER WILLIS. New York: Scribner. London: Trübner.

The Rag-Bag; a collection of Ephemera. By N. PARKER WILLIS. New York: Scribner. London: Trübner. 1855.

MR. N. P. WILLIS is favourably known on either side of the Atlantic as a sketch-writer, and is, perhaps, the most successful author of that class in America. His rapid, energetic description of natural beauties, as well as the familiar language in which his productions are uniformly prepared, are calculated to make him a favourite with the mass of literary skimmers, yclept "light readers," as well as to render him an agreeable companion for the leisure of the more profound student. Mr. Willis is, unfortunately, in a weak state of health, and has been compelled to forsake the busy confinement of a New York life, for a more tranquil and easy retirement in an elevated region.

To these circumstances we are indebted for the former of these pleasant little books. "*Idlewild*" is the romantic name given by Mr. Willis to the charming locality where he resides on the Highlands of the Hudson, a name which conveys at once an idea of happy, easy retirement, yet of hospitality and kindness. The book is a collection of letters contributed to the *Home Journal* by their author, and it consists of a plain homely account of the way in which the invalid occupies his time in his quiet and peaceful domain. Indeed, Mr. Willis tells us, in his preface, that one object he has had in view in the republication of these sketches has been to give his "invalid-experience" with the rest, so that it may be known to his fellow-sufferers who are compelled to seek a similar retirement in a like situation. We heartily recommend this book to the notice of the public; it deserves, and will doubtless secure, a large sale in this country. Our space will only allow us to give a few specimens of its contents.

FEATURES OF THE LANDSCAPE AT IDLEWILD.

Idlewild belonged to a valuable farm; but it was a side of it, which from being little more than a craggy ravine—the bed of a wayward torrent—had always been left in complete wilderness. When I first fell in love with it, and thought of making a home amid its tangle of hemlocks, my first inquiry as to its price was met with the disparaging remark, that it was of little value—"only an idle wild of which nothing could ever be made." And that description of it stuck captivatingly in my memory. "*Idle-wild!*" "*Idle-wild!*" But let me describe what belongs to Idlewild, besides its acres of good-for-nothing torrent and unharvestable crags, and besides the mere scenery around them. To begin with a trifling convenience, it supplies a clock, gratis. From the promontory on which stands my cottage, I see five miles of the Hudson River Railroad, and two miles of the Newburgh and Erie—a clock rimmed round with a mountain horizon, the loveliest of landscapes for a face, and half-mile streaks of smoke for the fingers. Once learn the startings of the trains, and every one that passes announces the time of day. The smoke-fingers serve also as a barometer—more or less white and distinct, depressed or elevated, in proportion to the dampness of the atmosphere. It is something of a luxury also to be daily astonished; and I feel no beginning, at present, of getting used to seeing a rail-train slide along the side of a mountain—the swift smoke tails of the Newburgh and Erie cars slicing off the top of Skunnenunk several times a day, at an elevation of two hundred feet above the Hudson, and often, when there is a mist below or above it, looking more like a meteor shooting along the face of a cloud, than a mechanical possibility in which a mortal may take passage or send a parcel. To have these swift trains perpetually flying past, one on each side of the river, and meeting at right angles where the ferry-boat is seen continually to cross, varies a man's walk, even at the tail of a plough. But the two railways, though the most wonderful features of the movement in my landscape, are the least beautiful. The spread of the river above the pass of the Highlands (upon which I look immediately down), might be a small lake of four or five miles in extent, embosomed in mountains. This would be fine "scenery" to be solitary amidst, though the birds and the tree-tops were the only

stirrers. But to be just as picturesquely secluded, as to personal remoteness, and still see the lake beneath my lawn traversed daily by a hundred craft of one sort and another—steamers, tow-boats, sloops, rafts, yachts, schooners, and barges—makes, as I said before, a different thing of solitude. I presume five thousand people, at least, pass daily under my library window; and as one looks out upon the crowded cars and flotillas which bear such multitudes along, it does not require poetry, in these days of animal magnetism, to express how the sense of society is thus satisfied. A man mingles in a crowd, or goes to the play, to satisfy the social craving which is irresistible—but he need not speak or be spoken to, to get rid of his lonely feeling altogether. He must have a certain amount of human life and motion within reach of his eye. And, just how near or distant these moving fellow-beings must needs be, to magnetise companionship into the air, would vary, probably, with each man's electric circle. Across the river and over to Skunne-munk is near enough for me.

YANKEE VANDALISM.

And—speaking of green leaves—I have been vexing myself to-day over a thumb-and-finger nationality that we have. The Irish labourers, at work upon our cottage grounds, during the earlier season, have gone to and fro, without damage, intentional or unintentional, to what did not belong to them. They respect one's property in a tree as well as in a wall or a door. But, with the opening season, the mechanics—Americans, of course—have resumed their labours on the unfinished building; and the marks of their passings in and out are very different. They board among our neighbours around, and either way from the public road, on the river or the village side, the approach is through a long avenue of fir-trees. You may track them (seeing any day whether they have gone to dinner or not) by the broken twigs of fresh-green tassels upon the ground. They never pass near one of my beautiful hemlocks or cedars without refreshing the memory of their American thumb and finger as to its being a free country—breaking off a branch, snapping it once or twice against the leg as they walk along, and throwing it away. If it were grass, and only missed in the crop—or if their "bosses" milked them when they got home—I should say nothing. A trespass on pasture at least benefits the owner of the cow. But the disfiguring of trees, whose every graceful spray, from the ground up, is part of an outline of proportion—destroying what nothing can restore, from a mere wanton non-recognition of any man's property in more than the fuel of a tree—is a thumb-and-finger Fourth of July which I must venture to wish somewhat abated. The young gentlemen, of course, intended no special annoyance to me. I would have spoken to them on the subject, but they would have understood it as an economy of firewood. The liberty they take is part of a national habit of mind. It is a pimple on the nose of the Republic, which must be reached by physicking through public opinion—not so rudely picked by any one individual as to make a pock-mark memorial of his name.

WALLACE, THE COMPOSER, AND ALEXANDER SMITH.

He was speaking of some one whose name he could not remember. After looking for a perplexed moment into the foam dashing below—"Call him John Smi—" (Smith, he was about to say, but, arresting the word between his lips, when half pronounced, he straightened himself, lifted his hat, and looked around as if to acknowledge a sudden presence)—"Smith is a name, now," he continued, "a poet, by Jove!—Alexander Smith!—But, as I was saying, this man—call him Jones"—and he went on with his story, though not till after a musing half-instant, in which he evidently was recalling to his voluptuous memory a delicious book in which he had (unprofessionally) found a revel for his fancy. I do not think he ever knew whether I heard his queer parenthesis, or not. But "Smith" would have been pleased to hear it—and will find it in the air, if he ever come to Idlewild.

ANCHORING A LILY.

It was, of course, a first thought to transplant one of these lovely lilies to the Brook of Idlewild—brodering its banks with those slender and delicate white leaves, as if with the spread hands of infants scattering fragrance. But, to be the home of anything so delicate, the brook is too wild, at times. With the chasm through which its gentlest flow or its most swollen freshest must alike come—a succession of plunging cascades, with a descent of two hundred feet—it would be rough work for a lily in the pond below. And it was the expression of this dread, to the lady I speak of, which drew out her remark. "Oh," she said, "the lily is delicate, but it will stay if you anchor it well." I was simply to lay a fragment of the rude rock upon the roots of the fragile flower—but the expression had so sweet an inner rainbow of similitude—the delicate love that can be so transplanted and "anchored," to bloom safely and fragrantly in a torrent's path! It was one of those poems in a word, which are sometimes uttered so unconsciously in ordinary conversation.

REMARKABLE LAND SLIP.

There are odd surprises, occasionally, to wake us out of sleep; but one of my nearest neighbours was aroused in the dead of last night (April 29) with a

remarkable interruption to her dreams—a quince-tree from her garden entering her bed-room, followed by a neighbouring hill! The cottage, at the same time, began to move from its foundations; the chimney and rafters tumbled in; the weight of the earth which was pouring down upon her bed crushed it to the floor; and her "old man," who slept in the room above, came through the ceiling. As the reader will have easily divined, it was the overwhelming of a cottage by one of the *land-slides* of the late unprecedented ruin. But these first waking surprises of Mrs. S. were followed by rather a terrible half-hour. In bed with her was her daughter-in-law, whose nearness to a critical period was the occasion of sharing her room; and, by the sounds of gasping and choking, she discovered that this poor young woman was buried under the liquid mass of earth which was sweeping them away. With the bed broken down, the floor lifted to a slope and the ruins falling in around her, she was guided through the terrible confusion and darkness by nothing but the sound; but she found the head of the struggling sufferer at last, and was only able, with her hands, for a long time (she says "over an hour") to scratch away the mud from her daughter's mouth and keep it clear enough to enable her to breathe. The weight of the earth accumulating on the coverlid effectually prevented the extrication of the buried woman, and, as the neighbours were long in being summoned thither in the dead of the night, the struggle probably seemed as interminable as it was awful. You might almost throw a stone from Idlewild lawn upon the roof of this cottage, and, of course, such an event was a stirring morning's news to us. In my daily ride along the beach, I pass their door; and, from wayside chat with the "old man," as he chopped wood or hunted up his vagrant cows and pigs, I could not but feel the calamity to have happened to one of ourselves. Sympathy notwithstanding, however, there was a ludicrous expression about the Sunday morning look of the little building—standing corner-wise to the road, with its after-part cocked in the air, the peach-tree, which had checked its course apparently, sustaining its intoxicated posture with difficulty, and a quince-tree leaning with its buds out of the front window! The tipsy-looking cottage was one of half a dozen humble dwellings built under the lofty river-bank which rises to the general level of the country; and the two or three trees before it, and the small garden behind it, filled the narrow slope between the water's edge and the well-grassed ascent. Other buildings were carried away by the slides, a mile farther down, but no lives were endangered that I could hear of.

The *Rag-bag* is, as its title implies, a collection of short sketches, reprinted like its companion from the *Home Journal*. The following extracts will suffice to show its style.

LIQUOR LAW.

The Temperance Reform has been the town's great excitement for a week or two past. The voice and pen, which now do the championship done by the "Sword and Pen" of old, have been fully aroused—the Apostles of the Reform wielding both eloquence and print, and the opponents coming to the encounter with the weapon of print only. With the monstrous amount of intemperate drinking in the six thousand bar-rooms of New York, the need of some reform is pressing enough—but it seems to us that the proposed means are a little too violent. The making it illegal to vend liquor in New York would occasion an amount of lying, deceit, and hypocrisy, that would be, we should fear, a most unsafe addition to the deceptions of trade, so commented on as an exponent of our national character; and we should fear also that the hostility to the reform might take the shape of a plausible resistance to oppression. God send the city some check to the facility of tipling, pray we—but lying, smuggling, and swindling, are a moral intemperance quite as bad in fact, and much more perpetuated in the character of the people. Here is one, out of scores of paragraphs, showing its effects in the State of Maine:—"The most ingenious attempts are continually made to evade the operation of the famous Maine Liquor Law, and it requires the utmost vigilance on the part of the officers of justice to thwart these devices of the rum-loving transgressors. The last dodge we have heard of was the filling of a coffin with bottles of liquor, which was taken to Portland. It was supposed, of course, that no one would think of examining a coffin to find the ardent. However, the sharp eyes of the officers detected the fraud, and the liquor was confiscated. A wag, who saw the operation, remarked that, contrary to the usual course of things, the coffin in this case contained, not the body, but the spirit. A down-east paper states that a famous liquor-dealer has put up in quart bottles a vast quantity of pure Holland gin. These bottles are labelled with the name of some wonderful medicine which is advertised in all the newspapers as a cure for all diseases. The knowing ones have only to be a little unwell, and procure a bottle of this famous cure-all, in order to obtain what liquor they wish."

DRUNKENNESS IN NEW YORK.

The amount of *well-dressed* drunkenness, in the streets, on New-year's-day, surprised every one. Between Grace and Trinity, at 4 p. m., we saw a

crowd, almost without exception presentable as to broadcloth and linen, yet every third man, at least, quite intoxicated. Either clothes have gone down in the scale of society, or drunkenness has gone up. Either rowdies are more respectably dressed, or respectability is more "addicted." A statistic may drive a nail into this. There are 5000 licensed bar-rooms in New York—one to every eighty inhabitants. Suppose, also, we add a picture of it, from the police report of New-year's-day in the *Tribune*:—"In the Eleventh Ward an unusual number of men were arrested for drunkenness, creating a mob, exciting a riot, insulting females, and other offences to which men of low breeding, when intoxicated, are addicted. John Baltz was arrested by officer Wells for entering, uninvited, the house of Phillip Herring, during his absence, and insulting his wife. In many of the upper wards, something less than one hundred men were arrested for entering residences in which they never were before, and where they knew not a soul, and after eating and drinking without molestation to their hearts' content, maliciously breaking decanters, dishes, scattering the provisions about the premises, and, not content with that, in many instances breaking windows, doors, and behaving more like fiends than men. Those arrested were taken before Justice Mountfort to await an examination."

A GHOST STORY.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who had been a politician for many years (and, of course, had no nerves that anything unsubstantial could much worry), heard of a farm which could be bought cheap, because "the house was haunted." Feeling simply obliged to the ghost for the accommodation, he became the proprietor, and moved there with his family for summer quarters. His wife had no objection to the disqualification of the place, for she was a Swedenborgian, and was willing to see any spirit who had an errand to her. They had been there but a short time when the "knockings" commenced. The new tenant was a famous cross-examining lawyer, and would believe nothing on plausibilities. He set all his wits to work to discover how the ghosts did their pounding—for they were the blows of a sledge-hammer apparently—and, the house being a wooden one, the disturbance to sleep and comfort amounted to a serious nuisance. He was wholly unsuccessful. Three days ago he told the writer of this that it was still a complete mystery. His wife (to her own belief) has seen a spirit walk through the locked door of her bed-room, but, as it made no communication, they remain in the dark as to its object. The place has no history beyond crops. It has been occupied always by such people as none but very illiterate ghosts could have had any acquaintance with.

ITALY.

MODERN LITERATURE IN PIEDMONT.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Turin, Sept. 20.

A few days, even a morning's walk, in Turin may suffice for the impression that this is a city where the public mind is awake, the demand for knowledge general, and native literature, in consequence, not allowed to remain inactive. Under the spacious porticoes that extend their lines of fine perspective along the Contrada di Po, the most busy thoroughfare of Turin, is such a display of books, old and new, not only at windows, but on outer stalls and shelves placed against the pilasters, that at some parts this favourite promenade of the citizens resembles a vaulted library. And, in the manners of these citizens generally is a refinement, a regard to the laws of courtesy, and a business-like preoccupation, that at once convey the idea of superior cultivation, of an industrious race whose civilisation is not merely on the surface. Since the reforms of 1847-8 the developments of national life in the institutions of Piedmont have been scarcely less remarkable than those of intellectual life in its literature. Of one among the offsprings of those changes much is to be said favourable and unfavourable: the evils of licence are to be lamented, whilst the advantages of liberty must be owned, in the present state of the periodical press in Turin. Bitterness of party-spirit, scurrilous personalities, and, in one range of subjects, a levity sometimes blasphemous, daily disgrace the pages of a certain class of journals which, provided for a single son, are most likely to reach those most easily to be corrupted. Under existing circumstances, it is not surprising that the opposition to ecclesiastical authority should be carried on here by journalism so lately emancipated from a rigorous censorship. I know of no parallel to this struggle, with the present means of literary publicity and unlimited freedom of expression in a country where the national religion is that of the Church recognised in Piedmont; and where this will end I cannot imagine. The authority which lately gave dogmatic definition to the question of the Immaculate Conception is openly impugned in publications which I now see announced at the principal booksellers' here. The journalism which, *par excellence*, refers to ecclesiastical interests is, unfortunately, wanting in the wisdom of moderation and

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passive dignity. On each side is followed the same lamentable policy; each, believing itself injured or calumniated, hastens to injure or calumniate. Most unwisely, the national feeling now raised to enthusiasm here has been irritated by the ecclesiastical press, which openly proclaims its want of sympathy with the cause of the Powers against Russia, its repudiation of the war and the alliance with England. Protestantism has two weekly organs here, but little in circulation, to judge from their absence at all the most frequented public places—the magnificently-furnished *cafés* which abound in the central regions of this city, and eclipse in splendour all similar establishments I have seen in Italy. Nothing could be more unjust than to take the vile penny journalism of an irreligious and democratic party as the recognised organ of public opinion here. Many periodicals, as well as the class of political journals as literary reviews, are conducted with ability and judgment by superior and thoughtful writers.

The *Piemonte*, edited by Farini, is one of the best daily papers in Italy, with interesting correspondences from other metropolises, and leading articles always worth reading. The *Voce del Progresso Commerciale* ("Voice of Commercial Progress"), dedicated to the object its title implies, is useful as illustrating the existing conditions, social and financial, of this country; but, too violent in its attacks on the present ministry, it has lately provoked, by a series of articles signed "K," sentence of proscription against their supposed author, an emigrant named Rossi, who has been banished from Turin and another city of these states. This paper has, I believe, succeeded to the *Croce di Savoia* ("Cross of Savoy") established in 1847 expressly for the object of promoting the principles of free trade. We are now promised the *Mesmerista*, a weekly journal conducted by a society of magnetisers and medical professors; and the ladies of Turin have lately established an organ exclusively their own, *Eva Redenta* ("Eve Redeemed"), dedicated, I infer from what I have read of its pages, to moral objects principally, and with graces of style creditable to its origin. The two most distinguished periodicals of purely literary character are the *Revista Contemporanea* and the *Cimento*. The former, a monthly review which has just entered on its third year, numbers some of the most celebrated writers of the day among its collaborators, as Tommaseo (whose works, informed by just principles of philosophy and earnest religious feeling, deserve to be better known in England than I believe they are) and Mamiani. At the end of each number the *Revista* gives a monthly chronicle, well compiled, of politics and literature. At the beginning of the last is a notice, from the pen of Tommaseo, on Rosmini. The *Cimento* is a bi-monthly of literature, science, and arts, whose collaborators are also men of high standing. In its late numbers have been a series of political sketches, "The Second Epoch of Pius IX., and the Men of his Government," written with brilliancy of style and subtle appreciation of character—unfavourable, as might be expected, to the political *personnel* of Rome, but not vituperative or violent. The "Moral Developments of a Constitutional Statute in Piedmont," a comment on the condition and prospects of this country since the adoption of representative forms, is one of the most interesting of late articles in these pages. That evils attendant on liberty of the press may be checked, not by the silly restrictions of censorship, which other Italian States have proved fruitless, perpetually baffled and leading to worse results, but by the domination of good sense and principle elevated through moral culture, which has been already evinced in Piedmont, where, ever since the recent emancipation, improvement has become manifest; and a striking case in point was mentioned to me the other day by a gentleman of this city. A certain priest from Genoa, an apostate not only from the Church, but from Christianity, published some direct attacks against revealed religion, which were not only received with disapproval, but absolutely fell still-born beneath tacit condemnation.

Great, indeed, has been the productiveness of literature in Piedmont since the events of '48. The most numerous issues from the press here have been in the form of serial publications, reprints from Italian classics, translations, and not a few original works contributed expressly by able pens. In these may be remarked various tendencies (if the provision furnished be evidence of the nature of demands from the public mind), but especially the patriotic and the utilitarian—quenchless avidity for everything that illustrates the history of the fatherland, and also for practical knowledge, scientific, statistic, &c. The most valuable of these series, issued by the enterprising house of Pomba, the *Biblioteca Popolare*, has introduced foreign literature to Italian readers more generally, perhaps, than in any other period or place had previously been attempted. Elsewhere in Italy, beyond "Paradise Lost," the "Night Thoughts," "Ossian," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," little indeed has hitherto been known (save to the studious few) of English poetry or prose; but in this series our literature is worthily represented by Shakspeare (translated by Rusconi into prose), Milton, Byron, Hallam, and Macaulay; the German by Schiller and Klopstock. The comprehensive character of others among these serial publications may be noticed as a good sign: a

"Collection of the most important works on Political Economy, ancient and modern, Italian and foreign;" the "New Popular Encyclopedia;" the "Library of the Italian People; or, Collection of Moral, Political, Scientific, and Literary Treatises;" the "Annals of Physics, Chemistry, and kindred sciences;" the "Series of Works useful to the Educated, compiled by a Society of Scientific Men"—all from the press of Pomba. The "Library of the Italian Commons" is a cheap issue of works, original and translated, mostly statistic or historic, and dedicated to the illustration of Italian countries; though on its list I find the "Statistical History of the British Empire," by Chambers. For lighter reading we have also a "Railway Library," just announced (*Ricreazione della Strada Ferrate*), a collection of novels, anecdotes, dramas, poems, legends, &c., to appear in numbers, at intervals of about fifteen days; *Italia Drammatica*, a series of unbound publications of modern dramas, mostly prose; and the *Fior della Grazia* (which might be paraphrased "Blossoms of the Beautiful"), a miniature series, in one of whose tiny volumes I find reproduced a literary curiosity, known probably to few, the "Story of Two Lovers," by Enes Silvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II. (the only amatory novel, I believe, ever produced by the pen of one destined to so sacred a dignity), written when its author was secretary to the Emperor, at Vienna, about 1444, therefore fourteen years before his elevation to the Papal throne. A translation, or rather imitation of this, from the original Latin, was penned by a secretary of the Florentine Republic, many years ago; and, after becoming more rare, reprinted, with the original, at Capolago, in 1832, by care of Bianchi Giovini, now editor of the *Unione*, the most avowedly irreligious journal in Turin. One cannot take even a superficial glance at the aspects of literature here without noticing the strongly-marked patriotic bias evinced in countless publications on national subjects, especially on later political events, from the liberal point of view. In the only Italian state enjoying liberal institutions this principle naturally manifests itself, in the offsprings of the day, most conspicuously; and hence has sprung up what is styled a Literature of Revolution, supplying more abundant illustration to late Italian movements than has been amassed for the future historian in reference to any other revolutionary epoch, except the greatest of all, that which opened in the past century. As with individual character, trial and affliction bring into play powers that previously had lain dormant, so in Italy have the struggles and sufferings of late years brought out talents, afforded occasion for the fervid expression of feeling and hope, that might else have remained for ever silent. I might fill pages with the mere titles of recent works designed to satisfy this passion of patriotism, so stimulated in the public mind of Italy by late vicissitudes. And of those publications the immense majority have been brought to light, in Piedmont, either by subjects or refugees, as, to instance a few of the more remarkable, the *Archivio Triennale*—three large volumes of documents referring to the events from the election of Pius IX. to the surrender of Venice in August '49; *I Ducati Estensi* ("the Duchies under the Este Dynasty") from 1815 to 1853, by Nicomede Bianchi; the "History of Venice," from 1797 to the present time, by Peverelli; "Monarchy and Nationality in Italy," by Boetti; "Italy from its Origin to the present Time," a historico-geographic compendium, by Zini (Asti, 1850); "Italian Traditions," relating to every province of the Peninsula, edited by a society of literati, under the direction of Brofferio, a distinguished deputy of the Piedmontese Chambers; "Italian Orators," specimens of the best Italian prose, in two volumes, large 8vo., with a preface on eloquence by Trucchi; and, in the form of historic romance, "Rosalinda, or the Foundation of Alesandri," by Carlo A' Valle; the "Provençals at Nice," by Trucchi; the "Mysteries of Rome," and "Mysteries of Turin," &c.

In the Sardinian kingdom, also, local history has within late years been diligently studied. The new institutions of the kingdom have had a revivifying effect on intellect, exciting to a generous patriotism without unhealthy enthusiasm; but even before Piedmont obtained representative government, her story had employed many pens. Among really valuable contributions to what province of letters I may mention (all within recent years) the "Political Institutions of Piedmont," by Sclopis; the "History of the House of Savoy," "History of Turin," and "Origin and Development of the Institutions of the Monarchy of Savoy," by Cibrario, now Minister of Foreign Affairs; the "History of Piedmont from 1814 to 1847," by Brofferio. "Piedmont in the League with the Western Potentates" is a work just announced, to appear in parts at regular intervals, with views and maps of the seat of war, portraits, &c., compiled by Pierluigi Donini. Another new announcement (in the same form of publication—quite à la mode in Turin—sections issued at intervals) is "From St. Quintin to Oporto, or the Heroes of the House of Savoy," by Pietro Corelli. La Farina, author of a "History of Italy from 1815 to 1850," has commenced publishing, doled out in the same manner, a romance called "The Albigenes;" it may be concluded, with the object of enlisting sympathy on the heretical rather than orthodox side (but I await the completion before

attempting to judge on this work). Within the last few days has appeared "Stories of the Barrack" (*Storia della Caserma*), by Count di San Jorioz, a collection of military anecdotes and sketches, from ancient times to the late wars of Italy, all tending to give *éclat* to the profession of arms, or to awaken sympathetic enthusiasm and love for liberty. With indefatigable industry the author has culled from authorities, of which an enumeration is given in his index, amounting to 500! It is objected that the work is too expensive, and the single thick volume it forms too unwieldy for the amusement of the barrack or guard-house; but such a publication is a "sign of the times" in Piedmont worthy of notice.

(To be continued.)

SILVER FROM THE STREETS.—There is in the *Sicéle*, under the head of "Transmutation," a highly-interesting article upon the new discovery of turning paving-stones into silver. Do not start back in incredulous astonishment; it is perfectly exact, perfectly authentic, perfectly practicable, as it would seem. Paving-stones! that unworthy, ignoble, insurrectionary pavé, that first and worst element of barricades, is to be converted into plate, and driven from the streets by M'Adam, is to figure on the table. It will be argued that there was no need for any further production of plate, since the electrolyte gold and silver, invented and improved by Knolz, Elkington, Christoffe, and so many others, and that the precious metals have, by these processes, been rendered quite common, and quite attainable enough. But that is not all the utility of silver and gold (of the former especially), and, upon the feasibility of facilitating the circulation of silver moneys runs the chief part of M. Plée's long article in the *Sicéle*. He starts from the necessity of producing an equilibrium between the two metals, gold and silver, and says that such an equilibrium, wanting totally at the present moment, since the influx of gold from California and Australia, is of the utmost importance for trade; and M. Plée remarks, justly enough, that the advanced state of science will assuredly not leave us in the impossibility of supplying the void left by the insufficient yield of silver; and that we shall end either by extracting silver elsewhere than from silver mines, or by discovering new metals to take its place. "There are, for instance," observes M. Plée, "new metals, noble and beautiful as the old ones, hitherto held to be not reducible, which are now perfectly reduced, and which, for the fabrication of every object till now fabricated in silver, would be a complete equivalent for it, and thus allow it to be exclusively consecrated to the monetary circulation." Aluminum has, as we already know, been the object of considerable attention to men of science, and, no doubt, its uses will be great and stand us in good stead; but there is just now another discovery that is more curious still, and the success whereof would appear likely to be established. The use of stone is growing less ever since asphalt, macadam, and iron have superseded it, and the hard, solid paving stone is being more neglected every day. "Now," says M. Plée, "if one was to declare at once, and without any preamble, that paving stones were productive of a metal scarcely in any way distinguishable from silver; that saucers, plates, forks, and spoons were to be got out of a block of freestone, one should probably be unmercifully laughed at—yet such is the case: the pavé does contain metal, as beetroots contain alcohol and sugar; nothing can be more true." M. Plée follows up his assertion by the ensuing curious details:—"Take a thick lump of freestone or quartzous silice; reduce it to powder; mix this silice when pulverised with a sufficient quantity of alkali; fuse it—you will obtain a soluble glass that you can dissolve so as to precipitate the silicium it contains in the shape of a jelly. You then take this last product and have it filtered, then redissolved a second time in a cyanurated lixivium, so as to produce a compound cyanuret. This operation will give you a fluid, whence there then only remains to extract the metal called silicium. Plunge into this liquid your utensils, whether of copper, iron, zinc, tin, or lead; bring the electric process to bear upon them properly; and they will instantly be covered with the adherent plating of silicium, which is white as silver, and attains to the highest degree of lustre under the polisher's hand." M. Charles Junot is the name of the man who has invented this new metal, and has, according to the account given by M. Plée, spent years in indefatigable research; nor does the silicium appear to be the only substitute for silver he has discovered; two or three others are equally mentioned by M. Plée. The silicium, however, seems to be so hard to distinguish from silver, that a learned French chemist has already presented to the Academy of Sciences a report on the necessity of devising fresh methods of analysis, in order to distinguish between the two metals which is which. "Other chemists," adds the writer of the *Sicéle*, "have other processes for the reduction of silicium, and all are setting to work at it. It is, therefore, to be expected that a complete transmutation will be effected. We shall from clay draw aluminum; from freestone, from silice, from sand we shall extract silicium; these metals, given up to industry and fabrication, may replace silver for domestic purposes, and silver be thus entirely restored to monetary circulation."—*Correspondent of Manchester Guardian*.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

It need not surprise any one in the present day that the received theories relative to the laws of nature should be controverted, and it may be in some instances with success. The human mind, struggling for truth and receiving fresh impulse from the light of modern science, searches more deeply to ascertain whether the dogmas now considered true can bear the rigid rules of inquiry; and hence new theories are propounded, which, in their turn, will have to stand the same scrutiny. The Newtonian system has lately been put to the test and found not to account for the various phenomena which were hitherto assumed to be subject to its laws; and now new theories of light and heat have been put forth, which demand attention from the importance of the subject. Mr. G. Fellows Harrington, the author, first brings forward his objections to the present theories, and then states his own propositions.—That the received theories of light and heat are incorrect, for that light does not come from the sun; from observation, in the case of a total eclipse of the sun, only a spot of about 180 miles in diameter would be obscured, and light would be seen flowing to the earth all round the obstructing object. This has been proved not to be the case. Again: at night, if light came from the sun, we should be able to see the earth's dark shadow in space in striking contrast with the surrounding illumination. Again: if, according to the general economy of nature, nothing is wasted, if light came from the sun, what a vast amount would be wasted in space to what would be intercepted and be useful to the few planets of the solar system. Again, heat is a principle of nature and the agent of all chemical action; it can therefore only exist in connection with matter. Mr. Harrington then argues that solar light containing heat and producing chemical action is material, and according to the laws of gravitation the sun would attract to its centre its own matter. Its light therefore would have to overcome the sun's power of gravitation and throw itself at the rate of twelve millions of miles a minute over space; this would of necessity sensibly decrease the body of the sun; moreover, particles of matter, however small, travelling at that rate, would acquire a momentum that would prove destructive. Again, for thousands of years the earth has possessed a uniform temperature; if the sun was continually throwing heat upon the earth, it would by absorption accumulate such an amount as would render it "a white-hot mass of fused material, and all animal and vegetable existence would speedily be destroyed." Again, Sir Isaac Newton supposed the sun a mass of fire; Sir William Herschel a habitable globe, but that the planets of the solar system derived light and heat from it, according to the square of their distance; at this rate the sun itself must be "a white-hot fused mass, many hundred times hotter than melted iron, according to Sir Isaac, it could not therefore be habitable; but if habitable, according to Sir William, it could not be the source of heat to the planetary system. Mr. Harrington then advances his own views, commencing with heat. 1st. Heat nowhere exists by itself, but must be connected with matter, and has no power of transmission except through matter. 2nd. Latent heat exists in all matter, but solid matter contains less than fluid, and fluid than vapour. 3rd. Heat also exists in a sensible and free state, that is, capable of being given out from or absorbed by matter. 4th. Heat in connection with matter exists in a luminous state. The sensible temperature of the earth is raised by reducing gases and aqueous vapour to water, and water to ice; for the latent heat is then set free; hence the atmosphere, being the receptacle of this heat, is capable of supporting combustion and other chemical changes. All light is the result of combustion, and is as much flame as the source from whence it emanated; for it can be condensed by refraction through a lens and rendered more powerful than flame produced by artificial means. Hydrogen gas is given off from the earth's surface, and, coming in contact with oxygen, the result is combustion, which forms the "beautiful flame called the blue sky," and is the source of all the light the earth receives. To supply the necessary ingredients all the fluid and solid matter on the surface contribute their share. Now, gases differ from aqueous vapour and effluvia, for these can be reduced by extracting their sensible heat; but neither water nor steam can be decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen by sensible heat only; another chemical process is necessary, which the author calls *digestion*, by which the atmosphere is replenished with the necessary means of combustion. There are two actions in nature, mechanical and chemical, to which the author adds a third, "ignipotent"—which is again subdivided into "local action," that is, confined to the earth's surface; and "general action," existing throughout creation. The combination of the two actions in the atmosphere produces from the ignipotent influence of the sun all that ocean

of flame which is called sunshine or daylight; while the ignipotent influence of the moon acts in a lesser degree of intensity. The sun's influence upon the atmosphere is the same as the moon's upon water. The diurnal motion of the earth on its axis causes the extension of the surface eight miles more at the equator than at the poles. The atmosphere, consequently, extends further; hence the variations of temperature and intensity of light in different latitudes and various localities. If, then, the earth's atmosphere is sufficient for the production of all the light and heat it receives, the author asks the question, "Is it not inconsistent to suppose we are depending on a body ninety-five millions of miles distant, for light and heat, when we have all the materials necessary for the earth's illumination in its own immediate neighbourhood?"

A paper read at the late meeting of the British Association gives some interesting information on the causes which have contributed to the early rise of civilisation—a term defined as consisting in the possession by a people of one or other of the principal cereal crops, of domesticated animals fit for food and labour, of one or more of the useful metals, and of written language. The earliest recorded civilisation is that of Egypt, that is, 2140 years before the Christian era. This was inevitable in a country furnished with a rich soil by its river, and an abundant perennial irrigation. The intellectual character, as evinced in its monuments, was not equal to the European, being more solid than refined. The next civilisation is that of the Jews, about fifteen centuries before the Christian era; this could not be accounted for from the soil, but from the high intellectual character of the race (and we might add, the peculiar institutions received as recorded in the Sacred Scriptures.) The next is the Assyrian and Babylonian, which is carried back to about the twelfth century before the Christian era; this was owing to the remarkable fertility caused by the two rivers which flowed through the country, although produced by artificial irrigation; hence an irruption of barbarians would at once desolate the country, and cause its total prostration. Upon this country much light has lately been thrown by recent researches. Civilisation sprang up simultaneously at different points in Hindustan, but the valley of the Ganges was the spot where it chiefly flourished, where probably also its religious institutions arose. Among the Malayan Islands civilisation branching from the Hindoos existed about the same time, and arose from the fertility of the soil and its indispensable accessory, perennial irrigation—the condition being found chiefly in the volcanic land which forms the greater part of the southern boundary of the Malayan Archipelago. The civilisation of the Chinese was indigenous and independent. The natives carry it back 3000 years before the Christian era; of this, however, there is no proof, authentic accounts dating only from the eleventh century before the Christian era. It was caused, no doubt, by the fertility of the soil on the plains of the two great rivers. The civilisation of Japan, was probably dependent on that of China, although the possession of a phonetic alphabet, which was unknown to the Chinese, would imply that the essential part of it was indigenous; the Japanese carry it to about six centuries before the Christian era, and there is ground to credit this antiquity. Two extensive regions of Asia, Arabia, and Tartary have very ancient claims to civilisation. The only countries of Europe which can boast of early civilisation were Greece and Italy, both eminently favoured by soil and climate. Italy was no doubt partly indebted to Greece, and partly its civilisation was indigenous. In all these instances there was the possession of a written language. It is a curious circumstance that the most civilised countries of modern Europe have no early traces of civilisation. There are a few instances where no indigenous civilisation ever sprang up—the Esquimaux, the inhabitants of Australia, of New Zealand, and the Papuans. No early or indigenous civilisation ever existed with the negro race. In America, which at one time was exclusively inhabited by the red man, the only traces of early civilisation are to be found in Mexico.

A report of the committee appointed to inquire into the state and condition of the metropolitan communications, including the bridges over the Thames and the approaches thereto, furnishes some valuable information. The population of the metropolitan districts in 1811 was 1,158,000. According to the census of 1851 it was 2,362,000; that is, it had doubled in 40 years. 200,000 persons daily enter the city on foot, 15,000 by the river steamers, besides the cab, cart, carriage, and waggon traffic; 7040 journeys are daily performed by the omnibuses through the city. The passengers arriving at and departing from the London-bridge group of railways amounted last year to 10,845,000; the South-Western Railway Station, 3,308,000; Shoreditch Station, 2,143,000; Paddington Station, 1,400,000; Euston-square, 970,000; King's

Cross, 711,000; and from the Blackwall Station, 8,141,000. These figures may convey some idea of the metropolitan traffic. The population is doubled in forty years, but was now annually accelerating the ratio of its growth. The committee therefore recommend that relief should be given to the main arteries by opening new routes or enlarging existing ones; that more direct communication should be established; that all the railway termini should be connected with each other, with the docks, the river, and the Post-office; that all the tolls should be removed; and that the cost of all the public improvements should be defrayed by a local rate levied on the whole metropolitan district. The following are among the plans sent in:—Class I. contains the plans for the pressing and immediate wants, as Mr. Tite's proposal for a street from Trinity-square to Tower-hill; the Rev. Mr. Blount's scheme for a street from the Commercial-road to Holborn, and from Shoreditch to Piccadilly; Mr. Bennoch's and Mr. Taylor's plan for a street and bridge from the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral to the Elephant and Castle; a plan for the widening of the north side of St. Paul's, and alterations in Holborn; Mr. Pennethorne's new street in Southwark to open the communication between the bridges, and other improvements for the purpose of bringing Westminster, Chelsea, and Belgravia nearer to the north-west of London. Class II. comprises the Metropolitan Railway; the conversion of the Regent's Canal into a railway, with extensions; Mr. Pearson's plan for a railway from Farringdon-street to the proposed Metropolitan Railway; the Western Terminus Railway; a railway from Kew to Westminster-bridge, with embankments; Mr. Giles's plan for a railway from the North-western to the South-western; and Mr. Lionel Gisborne and Sir J. Paxton's plans, already alluded to in former numbers of the CRITIC (June 15 and July 2).

Some photographic views of blood globules taken by M. Duboscq, of Paris, have lately formed the subject of a microscopic exhibition at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The globules of the blood of the human race, of animals, of birds, reptiles, and fishes, were shown upon the white curtain. The specimens all exhibited the same general features, varying only in size and shape. The subject is highly important, not only in a medical, but a judicial point of view, for all blood stains could thus be analysed and be made to assist in eliciting the truth, while, for medical purposes, every disturbance that affects the human economy could thus be scrutinised and remedies suggested according to the appearances indicated. The great power of the microscope thus vies with the telescope in manifesting the wonders of creation.

Mr. Kingswell's work on "Prisons and Prisoners" affords some curious information on criminal statistics. It would appear that the total number of persons annually sentenced to transportation in England and Wales was 3000; taking 500 of these, as they stood on the register-books, they had stolen property to the value of 10,000*l*. Most of these had, however, been convicted before, so that this sum might be safely doubled, which, for the 3000, would give 120,000*l*. as the aggregate amount stolen. Now, to this might be added as much again stolen before conviction, so that nearly a quarter of a million was thus taken from the rightful owners by 3000 convicts, which number was only one-thirtieth part of the total of individual criminals who annually pass through the prisons. The Chaplain of the Preston Gaol gives the following estimate of the unlawful gains of a few: Thomas Kelly, in 20 years, stole 8000*l*.; John Flanagan, in 14 years, 5800*l*.; Richard Clarke, in 6 years, 2820*l*.; W. Buckley, in 7 years, 2100*l*.; one woman, Ellen Clarke, in 2½ years, stole 1550*l*.; and another, Sarah Dickenson, in 3 years, 630*l*.; in short, fifteen persons, in a series of years of crime varying from 2½ to 20 years, stole no less than 32,000*l*.; and it has been computed that the whole annual loss to the community does not fall short of two millions.

The Great India Peninsular Railway has had lately an extension of the line of 17 miles to the 34 already in operation from Bombay to Callian. The extension now carries it to Wasend, making a total of 51 miles. There are 91 miles still under contract from Callian to Poonah, including the extension to Wased; and a further extension has been sanctioned from Poonah to Sholapoor, 165 miles. The average cost of the whole will not exceed 10,000*l*. per mile, including the rolling stock. The passenger traffic is already encouraging—the natives beginning to appreciate the value of time as an element of wealth.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Messrs. Agnew and Son have issued a very striking portrait of Mr. Russell, the Crimean correspondent of the *Times*, whose letters have afforded such truthful pictures of the war and its mismanagement. The

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portrait is a *fac-simile* of that already rendered familiar in the Photographic Exhibition, and being done in lithography, is rendered at a low price. It should have a large sale for the sake of its subject. Mr. Russell deserves the fame he has secured.—The National Gallery is again open to the public. There is no change of arrangement in the pictures.—A sum of 500 guineas has been subscribed for a statue of the Duke of Wellington, to be erected on the new esplanade at Lowestoft.—An Athenæum is to be erected at Westminster, at a cost of 1300*l*.—A building is soon to be erected in the North of England from Mr. Ruskin's design, with the assistance of an architect.—The Synagogue at Great St. Helen's has been decorated at an expense of 3000*l*. The *Builder* speaks highly of the ornamental metal work, and the general rich effect of the whole.—Mr. Boys, the print publisher, destroyed some plates of well-known engravings, at his premises in Oxford-street, on Wednesday, in presence of some connoisseurs in the fine arts, invited to witness the operation. "The Waterloo Banquet," by Salter; "The Christening of the Princess Royal, and the Queen receiving the Sacrament," by Leslie; "The Smithy," "The Forge," "The Sanctuary," "The Three Hunters," and others, by Landseer; "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," by Eastlake, were among the plates destroyed.

A fine picture by Van Eyck is for sale at Munich.—Baron Marchetti has presented to the Sardinian Government a model, on a small scale, of the monument to be erected to the memory of the late King Charles Albert. The monarch is on horseback, sword in hand, in the attitude of a man who appeals to it as the only means of emancipating Italy from foreign rule.—The study of photography is about to be commenced in the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, under the auspices of Mr. W. H. S. Crawford, who has been appointed teacher of that branch of science. The Photographic Society, which has been about a year in existence, is now in a flourishing condition, numbering among its members the highest names in Bombay society. The natives of that country appear to take kindly to its study.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

M. Jullien will commence his season of promenade concerts at Covent Garden on the 5th of November.

In a notice of a recent concert, the *Shrewsbury Journal* thus expresses its admiration of a lady vocalist: "In Mme. Gassier, however, we find fresh fields and pastures new."—Mr. Richard Turner, of Dublin, has lately contracted to fit up a wrought iron roof and all the upper machinery of a large theatre at Buenos Ayres, the cost of which will be upwards of 4000*l*.—Mrs. Louisa Chatterley lately gave a dramatic reading at the Bristol Athenæum before a numerous and respectable audience. Shakspeare's comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing* was selected, and the *Bristol Advertiser* characterises Mrs. Chatterley's reading as "chaste, intelligent, and captivating."

Meyerbeer is expected at Vienna on the 10th of next month. He is to direct in person the rehearsals of the "Etoile du Nord," which will be performed for the first time at Vienna on the *fête-day* of her Majesty the Empress.—A licence to open the theatre of Sebastopol has been accorded to MM. Devaux and Danterny, the managers of the French company at Constantinople.—A new Oratorio, by Herr Emil Naumann, of Berlin, entitled "Jerusalem's Zerstörung durch Titus," will be executed at Berlin (by the royal Sing-Akademie) in January, and at Dresden in February next.—The receipts of the theatres, balls, and concerts of Paris in September last amounted to 1,558,997*fr*, which were 96,500*fr*. more than those of August, and double those of September, 1854.—At the close of the Paris *Exposition* on the 15th of next month, to add state to the distribution of the medals, music is to be performed under the direction of M. Berlioz, who is to marshal fifteen hundred orchestral and choral executants on the occasion.—The *Spener'sche Zeitung* contains an interesting article on the statistics of the Italian stage, according to which the total number of Italian theatres amounts to 117. Of these, 95 are in Italy (viz. in Lombardy, 28 in 20 towns; in Sardinia, 20 in 17 towns; in Naples and Sicily, 9 in 6 towns; in the Papal States, 16 in 11 towns; in Tuscany, 16 in 8 towns; in Lucra, 1; in Parma, 2; in Modena, 2; in Corsica, 1), and the remaining 22 are scattered over the globe. Of these latter we find 6 in Spain and Portugal (at Madrid alone there are 3), 6 in Greece, Turkey, and the Ionian Islands, 3 in Russia, 1 in England (London), 1 in France (Paris), 1 in Denmark (Copenhagen), 1 in Holland (Amsterdam), 1 in Germany (Vienna), 1 in Africa (Algiers), 1 in America (Rio Janeiro). It needs scarcely to be mentioned that by far the greatest part of these theatres are exclusively dedicated to operatic performances.

The Turin correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account of a new Italian cantatrice:—As winter and the meeting of Parliament approach, the Piedmontese capital begins to fill with senators, deputies, and other "as they should be" people; and an extra opera opened at the Carignano Theatre, by the enterprise of Signor Ronzoni

(*impresario* of the Royal Opera), has had the effect of detaining many more passing travellers on their way southwards, than we are accustomed to see stop here at this time of year. The great attraction which Signor Ronzoni has been fortunate enough to secure is the Signora Maria Piccolomini, who has created a perfect *fièvre* among all sorts and conditions of men in Turin, in Verdi's opera of the "Trovatore." With great powers and talents as a singer, this young lady combines the most inestimable quality of a great actress, that of thoroughly understanding the part she has to represent. But perhaps the romance of her own history is not the least of her charms for the public. Of an ancient and noble family of Sienna, which reckons among its members two popes (Pius II. and III.), and seven cardinals, one of whom is now in existence, and uncle to the lady in question, she has entered upon her present career much against the wishes of her family in the first instance, solely from an inspiration of her peculiar fitness for the stage. At an early age she evinced a great genius for the art, and, contrary to the prejudices of the class to which she belongs, and the arguments of her anxious parents, she determined on pursuing an avocation which certainly promises now to bring her wide renown. Her family at length, finding this passion really amounted to a "calling," gave way, and, the consent of all parties having been obtained, she made her *début* with the utmost success at Florence; since when she has sung at Pisa, Rome, and other places with like applause. This story, eagerly passed from mouth to mouth in theatres and cafés, and losing nothing as it went, would soon establish a reputation for a young and pretty woman like the Piccolomini, even without her talents; but, added to them, and her position in society, which placed her above all necessity (for it is said that, peculiarly, she is rather a loser by her engagements), it has made her appearance before the public a series of ovations. Great as her success has been here, however, it may safely be predicted that it would be much greater in England, should she ever go there. There, those qualities which are now only regarded as coincidences would be duly appreciated, and, like Jenny Lind, her private character would become her best recommendation to public esteem."

LITERARY NEWS.

A new story, by the author of "Margaret Maitland," entitled "Lilliesleaf," is to be published in November by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.—The *Dublin Evening Packet* states that the *Dublin University Magazine* is about to be sold, in consequence of the ill health of Mr. McGlashan, the publisher, who has done much to make the magazine what it is.—The Wiltshire Archaeological Society is trying to carry out a system of parish history by a series of local committees. The Bishop of Salisbury has given his warm approval to the plan.—The proceeds of the last serial, "Bleak House," are understood to have fallen little short of 13,000*l*. The sale is assumed to have varied from thirty to forty, averaging thirty-five thousand per month, which, at half the selling price, leaving the other half to defray expenses, would be in round numbers 10,000*l*. for the twelvemonth, on the monthly parts alone; and the parts extend to twenty.—The number subscribed for by "the trade" of Macaulay's new volumes does not exceed 20,000 copies, and the first issue will consist of 25,000. The greatest number taken by any one firm of the forthcoming volumes of Macaulay's History has been taken by Mr. Mudie, the circulating-library keeper.

Another of the cheap newspapers, the *Wells Advertiser*, has ceased to exist.—The lovers of choice editions of choice authors will learn with pleasure that M. Didot, of Paris, is about to give us an edition of Horace that will rival in beauty the far-famed editions by Pine and Milman. The illustrations, excellent in themselves, are printed in sepia, and the whole appearance, from what we have seen, is one replete with promise.—The first Russian translation of Schiller's complete poems, edited by MM. Gerbel and Michailow, has recently been published at Moscow.—The *Journal de Frankfurt* states that a political journal in the Polish language is about to be published at Vienna.—The *Piedmontese Gazette* announces that Silvio Pellico's correspondence will shortly be published, and invites all those who are in possession of letters of that eminent writer, and wish them to appear in the collection, to send them to M. G. Stefani, at Turin.—The twelfth volume of "L'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," by M. Thiers, has just appeared. Its readers will find at its commencement a preface, in which the author discusses the causes which produced the fall of the monarchy of Napoleon I. M. Thiers does not hesitate to attribute them in principle to the absolutism of the imperial form. Led by his subject to compare the disadvantages attendant on this absolutism with those on freedom, M. Thiers concludes that the latter, although great, are yet less to be dreaded.

Mr. James Wilson, editor and proprietor of the *Economist*, has been made chairman of the Inland Revenue Board. The office has a salary attached of 2500*l*. a year.—Mr. W. D. Geddes, M.A., has been

appointed Professor of Greek in King's College, Aberdeen, on the promotion of Principal Campbell.—Sir Archibald Alison has two sons in the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, one of whom was in the Redan at the time an explosion took place, and the other was in the division which was to have been called upon to renew the attack next morning.—Some unpublished letters of the witty Earl of Chesterfield have just turned up. In one he gives a lengthened criticism on Richardson's novels, and observes that when Richardson gets into high life he loses himself, and is untrue to high life. This is said, we understand, especially of "Sir Charles Grandison." The letters are now in Lord Stanhope's possession.—The King of the Belgians has presented a gold medal to M. J. De Geyters, of Antwerp, author of the Flemish poem read at the late celebration of the 25th anniversary of Belgian independence.—News has reached this country from Greenland of the return of the American Arctic expedition, under the command of Dr. Kane, after an absence of two years and a quarter. The intelligence reached London in a letter to Mr. Peabody, from which the following are extracts:—"The explorations of our party embraced the entire shores of Smith's Sound, and a new channel expanding from its north-eastern curve into an open Polar sea. This great watercourse embraced an area of 8000 square miles entirely free from ice. It washed a bold and mountainous coast, which has been charted as high as lat. 82°30'. Smith's Sound terminates in an extensive bay which bears your name, and the coast of Greenland, after being followed until it faces the north, was found cemented to the continent of America by a stupendous glacier which checked our further progress towards the Atlantic. Throughout this long extent of new coast, the result of much hard travel and exposure, I have found no traces of the lost party whose search instigated your own connexion with our expedition. The past two winters exceeded in severity any that have before been recorded. Both scurvy and locked jaw embarrassed our efficiency, and our dogs, to the number of fifty-seven, perished of this latter scourge. A zone of eighty-one miles of solid ice interposed between us and the nearest water, and to have remained a third winter would have proved fatal." Dr. Kane adds that he will present a report to the Admiralty and to the Geographical Society, as soon as he can arrange his papers and charts.

There are to be no more Horticultural Exhibitions at Chiswick.—By a strange coincidence, which will not again occur for a long time, the new year of 1855 commenced on the same day as in 1849, and, consequently, all through the year the date will be on the same day. But what is more singular is that all the moveable holidays, from Septuagesima to Advent, fall on the same dates and the same days. The almanacs of 1849 might, therefore, serve for the present year.—The Public Libraries Act of 1850 has been put into operation in the following cities and towns:—Bolton, Cambridge, Kidderminster, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Oxford, Salford, Sheffield, Warrington, and Winchester. The libraries of Salford and Warrington are attached to museums. The free libraries at Bolton, Liverpool, Manchester, Oxford, Salford, Warrington, and Winchester, contain in the aggregate nearly 90,000 volumes.—The London University is to be removed to Burlington House, of which their present tenure is only for three years. The Senate has received a communication from Sir George Grey, intimating that in the opinion of the Government the Senate ought to concede the points upon which they have so long opposed the graduates, and that that body ought now to be admitted into the University, with the privileges of Convocation and the right to nominate members of the Senate.—We announced that M. Goldsmidt had discovered a new planet at Paris. On the same day M. Luther discovered another at Bilk, belonging to the same group, which now numbers thirty-seven. The former has received the name of Atalante, the latter that of Fides.—An Economic Gallery has been added to the French Exhibition. The gallery comprises all objects which, from their cheapness, utility, and good quality, are fitted for the use of the labouring population. They are arranged under the heads of—1. Heating, lighting, and washing; 2. Articles of household use; 3. Clothes; 4. Apartments. The people flock to visit this novel feature of the Exhibition. The closing of the Exhibition is drawing near, the Emperor having appointed the 15th November for the distribution of the medals; and the Crystal Palace Company are about to invite the exhibitors to transfer their goods to Sydenham, paying all expenses of removal, and giving the space for display free of charge.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY LANE.—*Nitocris*—*Married for Money*; a Comedy in three acts, altered from "The Wealthy Widow."—Sheridan's *Critic*.

HAYMARKET.—*The Beginning and the End*; a Domestic Drama in three acts, by Mrs. Lovell.

OLYMPIC.—*Catching a Mermaid*, an amphibious piece of extravagance, by Stirling Coyne, Esq. *Nitocris* still continues, and by force of a little concentration the piece itself has been brought within

such limits that it is made just bearable by the splendour of the decorations. These (as I have said before) really reflect credit upon the taste and liberality of Mr. Smith, and upon the antiquarian lore of his familiar spirit, Dykynynkyn. Nothing but such a mounting could have attracted crowds to listen to the Fitzbaldersdash of Fitzball.

Married for Money, is an excellent and telling comedy, thoroughly suited to the genius of Mr. Charles Matthews. The gay young husband married to the wealthy widow; the over-bearing tyrannical, mingled with doting fondness, of the latter; the eventual declaration of independence on the part of the slave of the ring,—are all most admirably and naturally illustrated. Mrs. Frank Matthews is the amorous she-dragon—and a capital one she makes. There is a pretty little underplot of true love carried on between Mr. Roxby and Miss Oliver; the former the friend of the young husband, and the latter the daughter of the old wife. Altogether *Married for Money* is a most successful piece, and promises to keep a long tenure of the boards. On Saturday last, Sheridan's inimitable piece of comic extravagance, *The Critic*, was produced at Drury Lane, with Charles Matthews as both Sir Fretful Plagiary and Puff. Those who remember the same performance at the Lyceum about five years ago will take an opportunity of seeing it again, and those who have it but upon hearsay must not lose this chance of becoming personally acquainted with it. A more wonderful piece of acting than the rapid and complete change from the touchy old gentleman of the ancient regime, to the rapid and voluble modern, it is impossible to conceive. One has a difficulty in believing that the characters are supported by the same artist. In all other respects *The Critic* is exceedingly well put upon the stage, where it will for some time remain, another of the now numerous attractions of Drury-lane.

Mrs. Lovell's piece, *The Beginning and the End*, seems likely to find its beginning and its end in disagreeable proximity to each other. The time is past when the British public is content to eat an indigestible supper of crime and go home to dream of murderers and house-breakers. The plot turns upon the successful forgery of a will, perpetrated by an old couple upon their master, a Dutch miser; by virtue of which they become dishonestly possessed of his wealth. Their secret, however, is known to a deeper villain than themselves, a common thief, who so tortures and bullies them, makes them give him money, and shames their false prosperity by insisting upon marrying their daughter, that the old woman resolves to poison him. Here is a new situation (at least not new, for there is something very like it in the dramatised edition of *Monte Christo*)—the thief presents the poisoned goblet to her own son; the horror of the mother betrays the secret of the poison; and then the intended victim threatens her with a knife, and makes her drink it herself. At this juncture, in steps the rightful heir; and a confession, atonement, and a happy marriage bring down the curtain. On the first night of representation the taste of the audience was violated in a variety of ways: in the first place, by the disgusting manner in which the details of the old miser's last days were paraded before them; and lastly, by the general coarseness with which crime, unredeemed by any dramatic interest, was displayed throughout the piece. The *Times* critic very justly says that the only moral to be gathered from the piece is, "When you burn a will in the kitchen, take care that no one is in the pantry." Miss Cushman, Mr. Chippendale, and Mr. Howe did all that good acting could do for a piece; but I doubt very much that it will hold possession of the stage for any great length of time.

In *Catching a Mermaid* Mr. Coyne has intended to give a mere frame-work to Robson's capital song, "The Country Fair." That song was intended to be the leading feature of the business; and, considering Mr. Coyne's undoubted talents as a dramatic writer, he has exhibited remarkable self-denial in making his piece merely auxiliary to the song. Such, however, is the case. The audience roars from the beginning to end, and when the curtain descends in a perfect delirium of enjoyment, excited by Mr. Robson's comical parody of the Spanish Dancers. What more can Mr. Coyne, Mr. Wigan, or the critics want?

JACQUES.

MR. W. S. WOODIN'S "OLIO OF ODDITIES."—On Tuesday, the 23rd October, this popular and clever entertainer added to his already amusing "Olio of Oddities" an imitation of the great French tragedienne Rachel. Both in make-up and delivery, Mr. Woodin succeeded in producing an inimitable burlesque upon the great tragic actress. At the conclusion of the evening's entertainment Mr. Woodin addressed his audience, informing them that that night was the third anniversary of his first appearance in public. He stated that in the long period during which he had enjoyed the favour of the public he had only found it necessary to change the form of his entertainment once—"The Carpet-bag and Sketchbook" having lasted through 852 representations, and "The Olio" having attained its 150th night. Mr. Woodin most gratefully thanked the audience, as representing the public, for the kindness which they had extended towards him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GLACIER THEORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Feeling that both you and your readers are well nigh tired of the glacier theories, I shall submit only a few brief and pertinent remarks on the subject.

Let us premise, that although a mountain may be eternally covered with snow and ice, which many would suppose to be the accumulation of ages, yet, in fact, the snow and ice which now cover the mountain are not the same snow and ice which covered it fifty years ago. The snowy mass is undergoing a continual change; for, while the superior surface, which is in contact with the atmosphere, is receiving an almost constant accession of snowy particles, the inferior surface, which is next the rocks, is in a constant state of solution by the action of heat radiated from the earth. By this arrangement, nature regulates the snowy accumulation, and prevents it from augmenting without limit, which it would otherwise do in very elevated regions where perpetual frost prevails, notwithstanding the action of the solar beams in the summer season.

Now it will be easily understood that a glacier, consisting as it does rather of frozen snow than frozen water, and this snowy or glacial accumulation being, as it sometimes is, many hundreds of feet in thickness, will be continually gravitating or settling down, by reason of its own weight and the porous or unsolid nature of the mass—and as it thus settles down, its base will necessarily and obviously expand, and this expansion will (in an apt situation or mountain declivity) cause, or rather constitute, the downward motion of the glacier. That the motion of the glacier is caused by expansion of the mass, as suggested by that sagacious observer, Mr. Moseley, cannot be doubted; but I think it is equally obvious that such expansion arises from the causes above mentioned, and not from the action of the sun's beams, which in so elevated and attenuated an atmosphere would have only a superficial effect upon the glacial mass. At such an elevation, no change in the atmospheric temperature can be supposed to affect the inferior surface of a glacier many fathoms in thickness; nor do I think that water, produced by the solution of the superior surface, could percolate to so great a depth, as seems to be supposed by your ingenious correspondent Mr. Tothill. Moreover, if the expansion and consequent descent of the glacier arose from extraneous heat, they would not be continuous but intermittent, whereas, by supposing the expansion and descent of the glacier to arise from the continual pressure of the superincumbent snow, or (which is the same thing) from the compacting and compressing of the entire mass in its settling or gravitating process, we account for the continuous motion of the glacier in winter as well as in summer; though, as will be easily apprehended, the snowy particles being firmer and more solid in winter, will not settle down quite so rapidly as in summer, and hence the slower motion of the glacier in the brumal season.

JOSEPH KING.

North-buildings, Finsbury-circus, Oct. 1855.

OBITUARY.

LUCAS, Mr. Frederick, M.P., of Meath County, aged 43. Mr. Lucas was the founder of the *Tablet* newspaper, and a frequent contributor to the *Dublin Review*. In the early part of his life he belonged to the Society of Friends, and joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1838, publishing at the time a pamphlet of reasons for the steps he had taken.

MOLESWORTH, Sir William, late Secretary of State for the Colonies, at his residence in Eaton-place, after a brief but severe illness, on Monday week. Sir William had only attained his 45th year, having been born in 1810. His father was a Cornish baronet of old descent—his mother an Edinburgh lady, of the name of Brown. He lost his father at the age of 13, and it is alike creditable to his nature and his natural disposition and to the maternal care that he was unspooled by the early attainment of wealth and social position. His debut in public life was as M.P. for Cornwall, which he represented in Parliament from 1832 to 1837. In the Cabinet, however, Sir William's presence appears to have been more important as a recognition of the eligibility of men entertaining his opinions to office, than for any very active or influential part he took in the deliberations of Government. Sir William took an active part in the attempt to establish the short-lived *London Review*; but his principal literary effort was his collective edition of the works of Hobbes. Sir William married, in 1844, the daughter of Bruce Carstairs, Esq., whose first husband was Temple West, Esq. He had no family by this lady, who survives; as does also the Dowager Lady Molesworth. An anecdote of Sir William Molesworth in connection with the Scottish Poet, Robert Nicoll (which we can state on excellent authority) will be perused with interest at present. When poor Nicoll, after acting for some time as editor of the *Leeds Times*, was sinking, at four-and-twenty, under consumption, a literary friend in Edinburgh represented the sad case to Sir William Molesworth, showing how needful a relief from work was to the young poet, which, however, his circumstances did not admit of, as he had no means of living otherwise than by constant exertion. Sir William immediately placed 50*l.* in the friend's hands for the service of Nicoll, who consequently was enabled to retire, with his young wife, to a cottage at Laverock Bank near Leith, where it was hoped that good air, leisure, and medical assistance, might do him some good. The days of the subsequent rapid decline of the young bard were rendered comfortable to him, as far as that was possible, by the generosity of the Cornish

Baronet, without which they might have been passed in penury and gloom.—*Edinburgh Express*.

WHARNCIFFE, Lord, last week. His Lordship was author of a pamphlet on "The Abolition of the Vice-Royalty of Ireland," and another on "The Institution of Tribunals of Commerce." His Lordship was born in 1801, and took an honourable degree at Oxford in 1821. He was son of Mr. Stuart Wortley, conspicuous as a politician during the closing years of the reign of George the Third, and created Lord Wharnciffe in 1836. The late Lord was a great-grandson of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose only daughter, it will be remembered, married the Earl of Bute.

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